# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1902.

## The Week.

"Cruelties were committed here and there," said President Roosevelt on November 19, at Memphis, in his glorification of the Philippine war. Almost while he was speaking, the shame-faced War Department was admitting one flagrant case of torture by men wearing the American uniform, which it had hitherto indignantly denied. The killing of a Catholic priest, under exquisite torture, by Capt. Brownell is now "frankly" conceded by that gentleman and soldier. He omitted to report the occurrence, since it was really so trivial. This is triumphantly adduced as a complete justification of Secretary Root. If his subordinates do not report their misdeeds, how on earth can he find them out? His warrant for asserting that the cruelties charged were never committed is thus seen to be official ignorance—and how extensive a basis that may be, the full proof of the murder of Father Augustine now makes clear. How does he know that there have not been dozens of similar cases? Mr. Roosevelt affirms that "the wrongdoing has been completely stopped." How does he know that other Captain Brownells are not killing natives by torture; and forgetting to report the trifling incident? This crushing exposure, for which the thanks of the country are due to Messrs. Schurz, Charles Francis Adams, and other Anti-Imperialists, shows that there is at least something rotten in the system of army intelligence. With this frightful case of ignorance of what has been going on in the army brought home to him, Secretary Root ought to be more chary about certifying officially to the "unexampled humanity" of our troops in the Philippines.

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The latest dispatches from the Philippines tell us that the continued fall of silver has paralyzed business and caused an unexampled crisis in the financial administration of the islands. Ten days ago, $2.50 of silver would buy one dollar of gold. Now $2.60 is required, and the prospect is that there will be further decline in the value of the white metal before the end of the present week. The situation could hardly be worse, but it can be no better until Congress adopts positive legislation and gives the islands a better currency. The principal cause of the decline of silver during the past six months has been the exportation of that metal from China to India to buy sterling exchange for the payment of the periodical war indemnity of the former country. On account of the disarrangement of trade due to the "Boxer" rebellion, it became impossible for the Government to obtain bills on London from mercantile sources in sufficient amounts to meet the payments. Thus it became necessary to call on the mandarins of the provinces for fixed sums of money in silver dollars, which were converted into bullion and shipped to Calcutta. The latter is still the principal consuming market in the world, for, although silver is no longer coined in India for private individuals, it is still in large demand for purposes of ornament and the arts, and is still bought by the Government for coinage into rupees as a currency subsidiary to gold. These purchases from China have lessened the demand for silver in London by no less than £1,300,000, as compared with the corresponding period in 1901. The latest drop in the price of silver seems to have been due to a movement for the adoption of the gold standard in the Straits Settlements.

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It seems impossible for Congress to avoid legislation on the subject of the currency in the Philippines. The present difficulty is greater than that which confronted us during the last session, because the decline of silver is greater, but it is not insurmountable. The plan proposed by the Conant Commission is still practicable. That plan contemplated that there should be a Philippine silver coin corresponding in size to the five-franc piece, which should be coined on Government account only, and be legal tender for fifty cents in the gold money of the United States; that this coin should be divided into one hundred parts, called centavos, so that the smallest coin should be equal to one-half cent of our money; that the silver and other subsidiary coins should be kept at par with gold by limiting their quantity and also by redeeming them in gold on demand—the redemption fund to be constituted out of the seigniorage derived from the coinage of silver bullion. Contracts previously existing would be settled on the previous basis, and the Mexican silver dollar now in use would continue to be legal tender until a specified date. Although valuable time has been lost, it is not too late to carry this reform into effect. The price of silver declined 34d. per ounce during the twenty years in which the discussion was going on for the reform of the currency of India. The decline since that time has been only 13d. per ounce. The same degree of intelligence which served India when the reform was forced upon her Government, will be available and alike successful in the Philippines if Congress takes up the subject in the proper spirit.

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The letter of President Ramsey of the Wabash Railroad, published in connection with an increase of 10 per cent. in the wages of his employees, directs renewed attention to the very remarkable movement of the past fortnight in this direction. On November 13 the Pennsylvania published the announcement of an all-around 10 per cent. increase in wages on its Eastern lines. This was followed within two or three days by similar announcements for the Pennsylvania's Western lines, for the New York Central, the Lake Shore, the Erie, the Reading, the Wabash, and other companies. Most of the railways in the further West have already made similar wage advances; so that it may be said that within a very brief period the scale of payment for railway labor has been advanced throughout the country. This recent sudden movement, which follows other general advances—mostly made, we believe, during 1900—has two sufficiently obvious explanations. It is a recognition of the present higher cost of living and of larger industrial profits, but it is also recognition of the fact that, in its present mood, labor's demands must be granted in whole or in part. There has been trouble very lately with the laborers on several of the great Southwestern systems; traffic was delayed, and for a week or two railway managers were greatly disturbed over the prospect. The coal-strike episode, and the aggressive attitude of unionism in the city trades, did not reassure them. With business offered now in excess of facilities for transportation, and with still heavier traffic in view when the full crop movement is under way, it is not surprising that railway-wage advances should have been granted in all directions, even before the pressure of demand had become really urgent. But there are other valid reasons for better wages for the railway hands. The railways have been prosperous, during the past year, to an unexampled degree. In spite of the failure of last year's corn crop, earnings from traffic have continued to increase; the net receipts of 100 American railroads, during the first eight months of 1902, footing up $8,500,000 more than in the same period last year, and $55,000,000 more than in 1899—a gain of no less than 45 per cent. A great number of the companies have increased their dividends; others have made indirect payments to shareholders through issue of new stock at prices far below the market.

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The housesmiths, the plumbers, the roofers, and a number of other members of the building trades refuse to work in Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's house because his contractor is likely to employ one painters' union rather than another. Not one member of the boycotted

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Brotherhood of Painters has yet entered the building, and the general strike is ordered in behalf of the Amalgamated Painters' Society, which also has had no part in the work. But the contractor, as the song has it, is "an intimate friend of an intimate friend" of the wrong union; that makes his work "unfair," and the strike will follow him wherever he builds. It is interesting to recall the reason why the Building Trades Council is using the general strike to exalt one union and destroy another. The Amalgamated Painters' Society, about a year ago, struck for increased wages. The Brotherhood of Painters were willing to work at the old scale and filled the places of the strikers. It was not a case of "scab" labor against a union, but of two unions differing on a point of general policy. Apparently, the rule of unionism is one for all and all for the one that makes the highest demands, for the Brotherhood of Painters, which plain people will think acted within its rights, has been constantly attacked. Some two months ago, for example, the redecorating of the White House was delayed because of this quarrel, and now a large number of workmen in other trades than painting are suffering present loss of wages on account of what might be called a "future-perfect" contest between two kinds of organized painters. This is not quite a literal fulfilment of Mr. Gompers's gloomy prediction that the unions must mend their ways or they would be fighting each other in the streets, but it does show that there are as many degrees of "unfairness" as there were of Touchstone's lie.

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Vice-Chancellor Stevenson's preliminary injunction, granted in New Jersey against the so-called Prudential-Fidelity merger, brings to at least a temporary halt one of the most remarkable plans in the whole recent movement of corporate combination. This style of merger, would, in fact, go considerably further, in the way of perpetuating present controlling managaments, even than the Northern Securities or Steel Corporation experiments. Mr. Morgan outlined, last spring, the theory of these two last-named combinations; it was, to create for the amalgamated company a capital so large that no outside interest could afford to buy up control. The Prudential-Fidelity combination would make change in control impossible, even were capital available sufficient to pay two or three times over for the capitalized value of the companies. Briefly stated, the situation is that two joint-stock companies exist, controlled at present by the same interest—the Prudential Insurance and the Fidelity Trust. Under the proposed plan, the capital of the Fidelity Trust is doubled, the new shares being bought chiefly by the Prudential Insurance Company. With the money obtained by this sale of stock the Fidelity undertakes to buy a one-half interest in the entire stock of the Prudential. The circular of the Prudential's president, announcing the plan, observed:

> "While by this arrangement the Prudential Company will control the Fidelity, and, on the other hand, the Fidelity will own a majority of the capital stock of the Prudential, . . . the Prudential will forever be the dominant factor, as, of course, it should be. . . . The consummation of this arrangement insures the continuance of the present management of the Prudential."

This it unquestionably does; for the Fidelity Trust's majority stock would always be voted by the present Prudential management, and, in turn, the majority stock of the Prudential would always be voted by the Fidelity.

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We are fully aware of the feeling among managers of corporations which has encouraged many of these self-perpetuating contrivances. With enormous amounts of loose capital in the hands of rival bankers, no board of management has felt secure in its seat. The ousting of the Louisville and Nashville's conservative controlling interest by a ring of stockjobbers, using borrowed money, has frightened existing managements throughout the country. But every protective scheme contrived to exclude the dangerous outsider from control will apply with equal facility, in a conceivable case, to prevent removal of an objectionable "insider." On this point, Insurance Commissioner Cutting of Massachusetts, replying to the Prudential directors, says very pertinently:

> "The minority stockholders would have absolutely no chance of winning individual stockholders to their side to make a majority, no matter how convincing their arguments, no matter how bad the mismanagement or corruption, or how unworthy the managers so long as they steered clear of indictable offences."

There is in all this no reflection upon existing managements; but existing managements are made up of human beings who are mortal, who, under the scheme proposed, would name their own successors, and who might make grave mistakes in such selection. We freely admit the dangers created by the free-booting capitalists of the Stock Exchange; but we regard the remedy proposed as infinitely more dangerous than the disease.

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Raising State revenues by means of indirect taxation is evidently to become popular in many States. Wisconsin is sure, under the lead of Gov. La Follette, to revise its tax laws this year, with a view to shifting a larger share of the burden of taxation to the shoulders of corporations. And now the matter is being considered in Illinois, where a movement, centring in Chicago, is on foot which seems likely to result in the holding of a Constitutional convention for the express purpose of empowering the Legislature to abolish the direct tax altogether, and establish a system of corporation taxation sufficient to provide all the necessary revenues for the support of the State government. An interesting feature of the movement in Illinois is that it carries with it an avowed advocacy of the principle of local option in taxation. In fact, this is the principal argument which is being used in Chicago in favor of holding the convention. It is urged that, with the abolition of the direct State tax, the State as a whole would lose its interest in the form of taxation in a given community, the State Board of Equalization would no longer be necessary, and matters of valuation and scope of taxation could be regulated locally in the best interest of the city or town involved.

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Among the plans which, it is supposed, Gov. Odell has under consideration for increasing the State's indirect sources of revenue, are a renewal of the small recording tax on mortgages, a readjustment of the inheritance tax with a view to increasing its revenue-raising power, and a readjustment of the liquor-license law so that a larger part of the tax shall be retained by the State. The hope is again expressed that the mortgage-recording tax may prove acceptable, if not wholly satisfactory, both to those who believe in mortgage exemption and to those who do not. Doubtless such a tax would be welcomed by the former class, for they showed themselves ready to accept it last year. But not so the latter. The mortgage-tax bill last year was smothered through the influence of "up-State" legislators who believe in vigorous taxation of mortgages. They were not deceived by the recording tax, which they regarded as practical exemption. Perhaps, however, they may prove more pliant this year. New problems are raised by the suggested readjustment of the inheritance-tax law and the liquor-license law. The popularity of the latter has been largely due to the amount of revenue which it brings yearly to the various localities of the State. The success of a change on the lines proposed would be at best doubtful. Yet the need of more revenue, to the extent of at least $5,000,000, is imperative if the abolition of the direct State tax is to be permanent.

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The Legislature of Vermont has acted with amazing promptness on the high license bill which is to reverse the historic policy of the State on the liquor question. Except for minor modifications, which will be settled in conference of the two houses, the new law is complete. It will be referred to the people early in the new year. Probably few Legislatures would have learned their own mind so quickly on a matter of

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such importance. This high-license and local-option measure has several interesting features. It adopts the excellent Massachusetts-Connecticut plan of an annual referendum on the licensing of saloons; it sets a minimum fee of $500 for a general license, which seems low as compared with $1,000 in Massachusetts; and a maximum fee of $1,200; finally, it grants a fermented-liquors license at $250. The working of this last provision will be watched with interest, because it has proved almost impossible in practice to establish the theoretically desirable distinction between places where light drinks are sold, and those where ardent spirits are dispensed. A fanciful feature of the bill is an anti-treating clause. The complete conversion to the local-option idea of a State which has long been given over to the hypocrisies of statutory prohibition should do much to strengthen the case of genuine excise reform.

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The Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald* of November 11, hits the nail on the head in its comment on an attempted lynching affair in the neighboring town of Anniston. Fortunately, in this case, the troops were called out by the Governor, and were available in time to prevent the mob from putting to death a negro who had not been identified, who had not committed any crime in Anniston and was not "wanted" there—except to meet the popular demand for a lynching. The words are those of the Birmingham paper. "Lynching bees," it says, "have become the pastime of the rougher element of a community. They seize upon each and every occasion for that purpose. Excitement is what they want—pastime, recreation. For such a state of things a moral revolution is necessary. The better citizens of Anniston appealed to the mob in vain, and such scenes will occur until a public sentiment is created that will put them down." A moral revolution is wanted, but where is it to begin? Who is to put it in motion? Preaching does no good. Editors can accomplish nothing by mere writing and printing. Nothing except the administration of law and the punishment of lynchers by death or long terms of imprisonment will ever put an end to the practice of lynching.

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The announcement that the cruiser *Philadelphia* has been condemned by the navy's Chief Constructor is of great interest as showing the perishability of the modern war-ship. The *Philadelphia* was built in 1888 by the Cramps, and has therefore been in service only fourteen years, minus many months spent at navy-yards for repairs, of which she has required not a few. Now she must be stricken from the navy list, according to law, because it would require more than half of her value to repair her once more. She has long been known as a "lame duck," and is now chiefly valuable as an object-lesson, having cost in her short existence about $2,000,000. Had she been a wooden ship, she would, with anything like proper care, have lasted very much longer, as is shown by the presence on the navy list of such veterans of the seas as the *Lancaster*, built in 1859, and the *Enterprise* and *Essex*, which date from the seventies. Another interesting vessel of the "new navy' which is about to disappear is the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*. Who does not remember the terrifying stories of the volcanic effect of her dread projectiles which came to us from before Santiago in June, 1898? The Spaniards were overthrown nightly amid convulsions of the earth unequalled before Pelée. Like many another tale of the Caribbean, these yarns proved merely that romance had not passed from the globe, and now the *Vesuvius* is to be sold for a song, being not even available as a plebeian torpedo boat, while admittedly a failure for her specific purpose.

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It is eloquent testimony to the prosperity of the Canadian Northwest that the Grand Trunk Railway is planning to extend its line to the Pacific. The new road will pass far to the north of the Canadian Pacific, and will open up a region the wealth of which in agricultural and forest products is only beginning to be realized. Whether the project will be favorably received in Parliament remains to be seen. There has been considerable prejudice against the Grand Trunk because it uses Portland, Me., as its chief Atlantic terminal, rather than a Canadian port, and the members from the Maritime Provinces have made this a long-standing grievance. There may also be some feeling against an eventual competition with the heavily subsidized Canadian Pacific. But it is hard to see how such considerations can weigh against the obvious advantages of the new transcontinental line. All the Canadian railways, including the Intercolonial, which is owned by the State, are prosperous, and if the Dominion should oppose the attempt to reach the new territories from the east, she must expect to see them reached from the south. This would mean the diversion of Canadian freights to American lines on a tremendous scale. So the Grand Trunk extension seems to be equally desirable from the point of view of railway and of national strategy. Obviously, the United States will be an incidental gainer from a sea-water terminal only a little to the south of the Alaska boundary.

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That the English Education Bill could be passed only by a vigorous application of the closure was foreseen from the first. It has at last completed the committee stage under closure "by compartments," and now it is hoped to bring the bill to a vote in a fortnight. Of course, the Liberals make the most of the closuring of the remaining clauses, but it is difficult to believe that a bill which has been in committee rather more than forty days has been inadequately debated. Mr. Balfour told the Commons recently that the Crimes act of 1897 was closured after fifteen days in committee, and the Home Rule bill of 1893 after twenty-eight days. The real grievance of the present Opposition, Mr. Balfour failed to admit, namely, the clumsy drafting of the bill. Frequently, the Ministry has seemed to be in doubt as to the meaning of its own measure, and the bill certainly invited that mass of amendments which have so unduly protracted the debates. The bill will become law soon. In fact, the Opposition, since its failure to secure the Irish members, has had much of the random quality of a debating society in committee of the whole. Important concessions to Nonconformists, and a provision by which the County Councils may delegate their educational duties to sub-committees, should do something to reduce initial hostility to a measure the workableness of which remains wholly problematical. There will be opposition in the Lords, but it will probably prove ineffectual.

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The German Chancellor has hit upon a new way of influencing public opinion at home—by having his views explained in foreign newspapers of standing. One such statement appeared, the other day, in Paris. The latest journal to be favored is the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, which recently contained an apology for his attitude in regard to the revision of the tariff, now the foremost question in Germany. His position was stated to be that of a "Constitutional Statesman" ever bowing to the will of the majority—a figure of speech which Bismarck frequently found of use, and frequently abandoned in favor of the "prerogatives of Emperor and Government," when he was in open opposition to a parliamentary majority. Von Bülow, according to this statement, is certain that, if the tariff boat is wrecked, the boatman will yet survive, and there seems to be some ground for his belief, in view of the fact that his recent disastrous defeat has left him still at the helm. Upon the question whether the boat will sink or not, the *Freie Presse's* correspondent was not able to throw much light. The Chancellor is doubtless still hoping, but in the eyes of many observers he is hoping against hope, for his craft is waterlogged already. It is attended in its course by the dislike, distrust, and enmity of the common people, who rightly see in the tariff bill heavier burdens for themselves, that the land owners may profit.

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### *THE PRESIDENT'S RETREAT.*

An "authorized statement from the White House," like a speech from the throne, must be read between the lines. When it has to confess a blunder, it does so under the guise of correcting a "misapprehension"; and when it announces a change of policy, it covers it up with the assumption that the *volte-face* was really the original line of march. All these well-known characteristics appear in President Roosevelt's explanation of his plunge into Addicks's political gas tank. In substance, it is a retreat. Mr. Roosevelt has taken fright. Such a volume of protest has gone up against his dalliance with the most unblushing corruptionist in American politics, that he has seen it to be impossible for even a spoiled child of party like himself to persist in that course. So he puts the best face he can on the matter, and says he never intended the Byrne appointment to be a sop to "the faction with which he was allied."

We think that Col. Roosevelt might have fled down this political San Juan hill in a more manly fashion. It is evident, too, that, in the hurry of his retreat, he forgot a good many things which still require explanation. If Byrne's appointment had nothing to do with Addicks, why was it announced directly after that ill-smelling boss had called upon the President in company with the dirty-work member of his Cabinet, Postmaster-General Payne? Why did Mr. Payne at once follow it up by explaining in public that the President had determined to recognize Addicks? Why did Mr. Roosevelt himself say to so many callers that the Addicks Republicans in Delaware were evidently in the majority, and must have at least their share of the patronage? These are among the "misapprehensions" which the White House statement does nothing whatever to allay. As we say, it would have been much better if the Rough Rider had a little less uncertainly sounded the retreat on his "authorized" bugle.

Still, we think there can be no doubt that the President has climbed down. His statement will so be taken in Delaware, we believe. Those Republicans and Democrats who have been fighting, at such fearful odds, with the execrable corrupter of that State, will at last be relieved of the fear that Roosevelt's sword was to be used against them. They will, it is to be hoped, strain every nerve now to compass the final defeat of the most despised and hated boss in America. If the President, after the warning he has had, shall hereafter lift a finger to aid Addicks, receive him, or one of his henchmen, at the White House again, or throw the weight of a single Presidential post-office (or allow the Postmaster-General to place even the fourth-class offices) against the men who are struggling for the honor of Delaware, he will be held up anew to deserved scorn as a partaker in Addicks's political crimes. The eyes of the country will be on him, and we have every confidence that his sense of the sleepless vigilance of the press will be such as to keep him from another lapse like the Byrne appointment.

His defence of that, considered merely as an isolated case, is but a limping performance. He puts it partly on personal grounds. Byrne, he says, was "a stanch supporter of the President when he ran for Governor and afterward." This brings the appointment into the category of those "good fellows" whom Mr. Roosevelt is bound to take care of and comfort with offices. "Joe" Murray was one such personal servant of the President's foisted upon the Federal service. He would make out Byrne to be another. But saying nothing for the moment of the fine grace with which such appointments come from a professed civil-service reformer, there were two reasons, in the Byrne case, with both of which the President should have been acquainted, and either of which should have been sufficient to prevent him from naming the Addicks man as District Attorney. In the first place, he was not competent. His mishandling of the office had lost him the confidence of the community, and had brought down upon him a rebuke in open court from the Federal judge of the district. This was notorious. On the other hand, there stood the temporary incumbent of the office, with overwhelming endorsements of the highest character. But the civil-service reformer in the White House passed over the fit candidate and took the unfit "stanch supporter." Quite apart from that, Byrne was, let the President say what he will, nothing but a swollen braggart of the Addicks following. Since his appointment he has been bursting into interviews, declaring that he and Addicks and Roosevelt were going to wipe out the anti-Addicks element of the party in Delaware.

In that taint was ample cause for refusing his appointment, and there is ample cause, too, for demanding that the President now withdraw it, and for contesting and defeating Byrne's confirmation by the Senate, if he will not. That is the next point of attack for independent and unbought newspapers. They have won a great victory. They have stirred up public opinion of such formidable kind that it compelled even a headstrong President to take the back track. After taking the measure of what he euphemistically calls the "misapprehension" caused by his tentative alliance with Addicks, he fled incontinently. The President has, we say, had his lesson. He has learned that even his popularity and prestige will not enable him to defy decent opinion. He has found out that the most indignant protestations of virtuous motives will not be accepted as an excuse for recklessly bad acts. This is a great gain—both for him and for the country. It is full justification for the attitude of those newspapers which scorned the policy of suppression and silence, set forth the facts, spoke out their mind, and roused such a sentiment that the President did not dare disregard it.

### *IMPERIALISM UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.*

"I do not think," wrote a well-informed American resident of Samoa in 1899, just after our glorious little war in the islands, "that Admiral Kautz, who had orders to investigate matters here, saw a single person outside those who were directly interested in aiding and abetting the Chambers minority. At every turn I found him set in his ideas, and intent on making up a cause of quarrel. He is a testy, dictatorial sort of old chap, and has been goaded and flattered into getting the United States into one of the most cowardly and scandalous of wars. I fairly believe that had Capt. White of the *Philadelphia* been here there would have been no war at all; not a dollar's worth of property would have been sacrificed, and no valuable lives lost." We quote this statement from the *Evening Post's* issue of May 17, 1899, because the King of Sweden, after a careful and unbiassed examination, has declared that the action of the American and British war-ships in Samoa in April, 1899, was unwarranted and indefensible, wanton and cruelly wrong, both to the Americans who lost their lives, and to the Samoans who were butchered by rapid-fire guns and magazine rifles—in the name of Christianity and civilization, of course!

The pretence which led to the fighting—that it was necessary to protect foreign citizens and property—King Oscar demolishes absolutely, by proving the absence of the slightest danger. The "invading forces" against which the operations were undertaken by the Americans and British, could not have crossed the bay because of the tidal conditions, and therefore menaced no one. Their opponents, the adherents of Malietoa, had been brought to Apia by the American and British war-ships on the authority of a decision of the Chief Justice, "a third-rate American lawyer," whose judgment was wrong on its face and in direct contradiction to the opinion of the consuls in the islands, who recognized Mataafa as the lawful head. To make our case still worse, there was nothing, as King Oscar points out, in the terms of the Berlin Act, or any subsequent agreement, "which authorizes one of the signatory powers, or a majority of them, to take action to enforce the provisions of the act, or the decisions of the Chief Justice. . . ." Our

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conduct was therefore based on misconception, if not on fraud, in the interests of a handful of unprincipled conspirators. Our course was without the slightest authority in law and morals, and had the result that two great nations were nearly brought into open conflict. It is evident now that the responsibility for this, as well as for the destruction of life, rests with Rear-Admiral Kautz and Chief Justice Chambers.

*Proper characterization, in the interests of truth and right and international morality, of their conduct and the work of our sailors in 1899, exposed all critics to the usual retorts, such as "lack of patriotism," "cowardly failure to support our brave defenders when under fire," and "readiness to discredit our own flag," with which criticism of our Philippine policy has made us all so familiar. The action of the Samoans in killing hostile Americans and British in self-defence was "savage butchery" and "slaughter," in the eyes of the Administration organs (we quote from the *Tribune*), and was calculated to "arouse a feeling of indignation and a desire for retribution." "Right-thinking men," said this same newspaper, editorially, "will regard the event as another argument in favor of making stronger the authority of civilization [in the islands]. . . . The civilization of the world requires that the islands of the sea should be made safe stopping-places for peaceful commerce, and civilization has rights that even barbarism is bound to respect." And it gravely affirmed that we must govern Samoa for the Samoans, despite the views of those who would "scuttle out" of the Philippines, in order that our merchant vessels might "break the long run across the Pacific without danger of the decapitation of the passengers and crew"!*

But our Solons in Washington were not far behind the *Tribune* in their desire for retribution and their promptness in placing the blame. Such distinguished and trustworthy leaders of public opinion as Senator Stewart of Nevada and Representative Hull of Iowa knew whom to hold responsible. It was Germany, of course, that was at fault. "Does she want to fight?" asked the Senator. "If so, she may be accommodated." "If Germany persists in her course," said the cool-headed and statesmanlike chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, "there may be war." President McKinley was more cautious, but even this great lover of peace felt that Mataafa must be punished and a larger naval force sent at once. To think otherwise was to dishonor the memory of our two brave dead officers, Lieut. Lansdale and Ensign Monaghan. The European suggestions that Rear-Admiral Kautz's actions be disavowed, were met with the scorn and contempt which are always the due of the meddling foreigner. We were solemnly reminded how Admiral Diedrichs had treated Dewey in Manila. The warning given by James H. Mulligan, for many years our consul in Samoa, that "the disorderly conduct, the cheating by means of false weights, the drunkenness, swearing, and fighting are all supplied by the whites," was unheeded. How that entire house of cards has collapsed now!

We have gone at length into this discreditable episode in our national history, *not to proclaim our country's shame*, but to call public attention to this incident in our over-sea Imperialism as it appears when studied under the microscope of a non-partisan investigator. It would hardly be possible to show in a more convincing or compact way what evils interference in the concerns of distant peoples inevitably brings in its train. In Samoa our boasted Anglo-Saxon superiority carried with it war, rapine, and destruction, as the result of fraud and wrongdoing, just as it has done in the Philippines, with the added evils of pestilence and famine. It is characteristic of Imperialism that, following this career of wickedness, the Samoans should have been partitioned off among the Powers, "to keep them from being troublesome." We know, too, of no other instance which brings out so clearly the way in which judgment and reason are banished, the instant there is friction or collision with another nation. A Stevenson himself may then plead for his adopted people unheard and unrespected.

There is but one bright side to the picture. Thanks to arbitration, the rights and wrongs of the question at issue have become known, and are settled for all time. If it cannot restore the dead or right the wrong, international arbitration has none the less achieved one of its most substantial victories. Had war with Germany come instead, who would ever have known where the truth and right were to be found?

## *MR. BALFOUR ON NATIONAL JEALOUSIES.*

Mr. Balfour made his first speech as Prime Minister at a Guildhall banquet a fortnight ago, and closed it with a noteworthy plea for comity and peace between nations. This was not reported in the cable dispatches. These have a fashion of dilating on everything in the nature of international friction; a firebrand speech of a Minister who has looked too long upon the red wine, they parade at length; but a mere official utterance in favor of civilization and peaceful progress is quite too unexciting. Yet it is really an event of the highest importance when one of the most powerful rulers of Christendom can, with all the sincerity befitting a gentleman and scholar such as Mr. Balfour is, use the language which he did. He said:

"There is no desire which, I think, ought to be more constantly present to the minds of European statesmen, there is no sentiment which they ought more sedulously to cultivate, than that spirit of international tolerance, international comprehension, and, if it may be, international friendship and international love, which, if duly encouraged, will have the most powerful effect in the future whenever dangers menace European peace. That this should happily result from the common union, from the cultivation of affection between European peoples, and from the mutual understanding of European statesmen, ought to be the most earnest prayer of every man who has at heart the future of civilization and that peace upon which civilization is based."

Of course, such a deliverance from the Prime Minister of Great Britain at once provoked, in the Continental press, an outburst of that very cynicism and distrust against which he had spoken so emphatically. Several German newspapers—never more "reptilian" than when they are trying to inflame international jealousies—professed to see in Mr. Balfour's words all kinds of sinister meanings. He was in trouble about his own armaments; therefore he was craftily trying to induce Germany not to go resolutely ahead with her plans for a powerful navy, deficit or no deficit. We all know that sort of international sneer. It was freely indulged in by a part of our press, and by some of our public men (speaking in private, of course), at the time of Prince Henry's visit. "We shall not build one battleship the less for his coming," one of our Joey Bagstocks of diplomacy was reported to have said. This habit of being "devilish sly" in the face of every graceful attention or generous word from foreigners is becoming too ingrained. It is rapidly destroying unaffected sincerity in international relations as surely as a similar temper would poison the intercourse between man and man. Suppose that every time a friend gave you a book or invited you to dinner, your first thought was, "What little game is he up to now?" How long could society endure on such terms? Yet it is precisely that suspicious, mean, unworthy frame of mind which our most voluble mentors would have us cultivate in international affairs. Any nation that comes forward with a friendly mien and greeting, we are told that we must instantly suspect of intending to stick a knife under our fifth rib. How long can the peace of the world be kept with that miserable spirit on the increase?

It is unfortunately true that nations, like individuals, are capable of acts of bad faith or outright villainy. England solemnly promised to evacuate Egypt, but is there yet. The United States pledged itself not to seek territorial aggrandizement as a result of the Spanish war. France annexed Madagascar in the teeth of an agreement not to do so. Germany has made secret treaties behind the backs of her allies. Instances of sharp practice and aggression are truly far too numerous in the history of nations. They are all tarred with the same stick. What we must

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remember, however, is that this is the exceptional rule of national conduct. No country is an invariable blackguard. As a rule, all governments seek to live up to their plighted word, do not go out of their way to pick quarrels, act by preference in straightforward ways, not in tortuous, and are not forever scheming to betray and entrap a neighbor.

This fact it is which makes the talk we hear about the duty of arming ourselves against a possible "attack" such a solemn futility. We are asked, that is, to regulate our conduct and order our whole life by what is confessedly the exceptional, the unusual, the improbable. But men do not reason that way in their private affairs, and nations have no call to be more foolish than individuals. Every householder knows, for example, that his residence may be entered by a burglar; but he does not, for that reason, make of it a fort and arsenal combined. Every man who walks in the streets is aware that a footpad may possibly set upon him. But does he, therefore, insist upon going always armed to the teeth, or accompanied by a bodyguard? Sensible men take the usual course of things, the "customed event," as the norm of their action, and do not make wild imaginings and disordered fears the guide of their lives. The same principle holds, or should hold, with States. Their normal condition is peace. Their ordinary action is honest. As a rule, their foreign policy is what it purports to be, and not a mask for ulterior and wicked designs. It is, then, a proof of national folly to act upon other presumptions, in the matter of armaments, alliances, or other plans for the distant future.

"I never," said Mérimée to Senior, "give credit to a nation for any sense. . . . Nations are fools." Surely they would deserve that taunt if, in a civilized age, they were to act as if barbarism had come again, and every country were only watching a good chance to fly at the throat of every other. We must travel upon the beaten highways. We must sail by the great circles. That means the cultivation of good faith with all nations, and a scornful turning of the back upon that cynical and devilish spirit of international distrust against which Mr. Balfour registered his weighty protest.

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### *WANTED: A SCHOOL FOR ART COLLECTORS.*

Dr. Bode, the learned and caustic director of the Berlin Museum, discusses the "American peril" for art in the newly founded *Kunst und Künstler*. Europe, he believes, is by no means in danger of impoverishment, for the knowledge of the wealthier American collectors is by no means equal to their zeal. That the modern captains of industry have all the power of a Marshal Soult he is willing to admit, but he insists that they lack the discrimination which led the great plunderer infallibly to the best that the churches and galleries of Spain and Italy contained. Times have greatly changed in America since amateurs of the late H. G. Marquand's type cautiously acquired picture after picture, weeded out their acquisitions with severe critical taste, and were content to give a lifetime to the furnishing of a single gallery. In those days pictures were the white stones in a collector's pathway; to-day complete collections. This tendency towards the wholesale purchase of masterpieces has produced a peculiar class of picture brokers who contrive to furnish masterpieces, singly or *en masse*, as fast as they are wanted. The result is, that Europe is being relieved of works of art which are hearty good riddance.

This contention of Dr. Bode's is supported by many concrete instances. Mr. J. P. Morgan's famous Raphael was offered to all the great European galleries at a fraction of the price he paid for it; and refused. Even more exemplary is the case of Mr. Henry Walters, who has recently bought the Massarenti collection at Rome. At the time of the sale the *Evening Post* incautiously protested that stories of an obscure gallery which fairly rivalled the national collections of Europe were far too good to be true. For this *caveat* it was roundly rebuked by the *Times*, which urged the purchase of the Massarenti pictures by some New York art-lover, and found the hostility of the *Evening Post* to the importation of these *chefs d'œuvre* wholly inexplicable. Dr. Bode does not tell the story of the assembling and unloading of the Massarenti pictures, but he does tell enough to show how natural was the *Evening Post's* distrust.

> "Whoever, like myself," says Dr. Bode, "has had the pleasure of seeing this collection, knows that it would be difficult to name a second that is so void of good things and contains so many mediocre pictures and forgeries of great names . . . as the collection of Don Marcello Massarenti, which filled the spacious rooms of a palace near the Vatican. . . . The Italian Government assessed a 20 per cent. export tax at 40,000 francs, so that its estimate of the value of the collection was 200,000 francs."

Mr. Walters is reported to have paid 5,000,000 francs to Don Marcello.

Again, Dr. Bode marvels at the publicity which the sale received in the press of Europe and America—"all this hocus-pocus about a collection which does not contain one noteworthy picture, one remarkable statue, or half a dozen works of a respectable mediocrity!" Mr. Walters's case is treated so much at length by Dr. Bode, whom we abridge, not because it is unique, but because no other American enthusiast has fallen in so deeply as the Baltimore collector.

It would be easy to cite examples by the dozen of the victimization of American amateurs. The auction rooms abound in falsification of all degrees. Reputable dealers import hundreds of nondescript canvases, which are undoubtedly "of great antiquity," christen them optimistically, and sell them under the names of the great masters. We have seen in a Fifth Avenue auction room a landscape bearing three signatures, one illegible, the second "Wm. Hart," the third no less a name than "G. Inness." This was eminently a case in which the buyer "paid his money and took his choice"; but it is rarely that the fraud is of such childlike simplicity. Obviously, the purchase of bad works of art abroad, at a long price, does not constitute an "American peril." Possibly the purchase of bogus great masters at home does.

A remedy for this state of ill-regulated enthusiasm for art is not immediately apparent. We cannot compel adventurers upon the troubled sea of collecting to take on trustworthy pilots. The millionaire collectors are within their rights when they prefer the counsel of willing but untrained friends who pass for connoisseurs, the advice of dealers and brokers with a profit to make, or the suave blandishments of "venerable prelates" with a taste for dubious pictures and an instinct for the main chance. But it does seem as if something analogous to university extension for the ignorant poor might be planned for the ill-informed rich. Our captains of industry have not the leisure to learn as their predecessors in art collecting did, by long residence abroad and loving association with the best works of art. Yet they might acquire adequate connoisseurship, at no great expenditure of time, in a school established for this purpose. The proceedings of such a "seminar" of multi-millionaires would unquestionably be in the nature of an experience meeting. Mr. Morgan, who has been on the whole fortunate in his acquisitions, but indiscriminate in the prices he has paid, would naturally compute the millions he has paid in excess of market values. His listening confrères meanwhile could make mental comparisons of the sum total with the estimated amount of water in the Steel and Shipping Trusts. Senator Clark might safely base his "experience" upon the case of a little Dutch picture, the pedigree of which Dr. Bode traces. It was sold, twenty-five years ago, with the refuse of the Berlin Gallery as a Vercolje—a third-rate painter—for about 500 francs. It came into the Preyer collection at Vienna, where it gained a full generation in antiquity through being transformed into a Metsu, and 49,500 francs in price—50,000 francs was its valuation at the time of the sale to Senator Clark. Mr. Walters's part in the proceeding would obviously be to contrast himself with that noble connoisseur, his father, to apply the right names to the pictures of the Massarenti collection

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when possible, and, when those "ancient paintings" defied classification, to distinguish the work of the restorer or forger from the old canvas or panel upon which the fabrication was wrought. All these confessions would tend to the edification of inexpert collectors and the confounding of rascally art brokers.

As for the American peril, which Dr. Bode dismisses so cavalierly, it has been and has passed. In the sixties and seventies, connoisseurs of the stamp of William M. Hunt, Mr. Quincy Shaw, the elder Walters, and a score of equally ardent if less conspicuous lovers of the best in art were quietly picking up the finest pictures of the contemporary French school. None of these art lovers were men of great wealth, as that is measured to-day; nobody then wrote or talked about the "American peril." But the result of that patient yet passionate quest has been, that there are not enough Millets, Rousseaus, Daubignys, and Corots of any quality to supply the outlying countries of Europe, while French critics who would pretend to completeness must study French art on this side of the Atlantic. This seems to show that there are perils and perils, and that our millionaire collectors might profit, not only by the school we have suggested, but by the example of predecessors who made of collecting a lifelong avocation, and an art in itself.

## ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPLORATION IN EGYPT.

OXFORD, November 9, 1902.

The annual meeting of subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund took place in London on Friday, November 7, in Burlington House, and had especial interest for the numerous American subscribers to the Fund, inasmuch as Sir John Evans, President of the Society, was able to announce the formation of a general committee in Boston. This year in America is also marked by some prospect of extending the interest in the Fund to Colorado.

The report of the Treasurer, Mr. Grueber, of the British Museum, was encouraging, and the proceedings were rendered especially interesting by the two addresses of the President and of Prof. Flinders Petrie. Sir John Evans began his address with a warm tribute to the late Mrs. F. Llewellyn Griffiths, well known in America as the close friend of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, and as a remarkable worker in the field of Egyptology, most especially, perhaps, as the author of the 'Atlas of Ancient Egypt'. Dr. J. H. Gladstone and Mr. Abraham Haworth were also spoken of as among the generous supporters of the Fund removed by death. This chronicle of losses was closed by a tribute to the services of Gen. Charles G. Loring of Boston, and of the Rev. E. A. A. Hoffman of the Episcopalian Theological College in New York.

In reviewing the year's work, Sir John first dealt with Professor Petrie's discoveries among the Royal Tombs and the Temenos of Osiris, at or near Abydos. The results, published for the most part, yielded one more name to the list of kings before the First Dynasty; and many worked flints of various shapes had gone to illustrate this prehistoric period in the museums of England and America. A special extra publication detailing work carried out by Messrs. McIver and Mace at El Amrah and Abydos was also announced, and the great activity at present displayed throughout the civilized world in matters Egyptological was pointedly dwelt upon. Next, Sir John spoke of the Archæological Survey, and of Mr. Davies's facsimile work, which has this year supplied important omissions in and given connection to the scenes of the tomb of Mery Ra, the largest and finest in the northern cliff near Tell el-Amarna. Mr. Davies also visited Thebes, and secured a complete record of the important tomb of a Theban magnate, Aba. This tomb, and the small ones of the southern group, are the subject of the first volume of Deir el-Gabrâwi, in the publications of the Survey. The second volume will give the remaining tombs, identifications by an expert (Mr. Boulenger) of the fishes there sculptured, and a chapter by Mr. Crum on the Coptic *graffiti*. This will clear the docket of the Survey. Its next year's memoir is "already far advanced," and of exceptional interest because of its display of "the art of the heretic period in all its strangeness." A strong appeal for more adequate support for this department of the work was then in order.

Sir John next turned to the labors and publications of the Græco-Roman Branch, adverting to the large volume of Tebtunis Papyri just placed in the hands of subscribers as representing their subscriptions for the years 1900-'01 and 1901-'02. "We are indebted," he said, "to the University of California, which provided the funds for the excavation, for the necessary number of volumes (at an agreed price) to supply our subscribers." These papyri were obtained from the wrappings of mummified crocodiles disinterred at Ûmm el-Baragât in the Fayûm, and Drs. Grenfell and Hunt enjoyed the help of Mr. J. G. Smyly in their decipherment. The documents ranged from 120 to 90 B. C.—a few coming down to B. C. 56. There were three fragments of anthologies or epigrams, and an extract from the second book of the Iliad (eighty lines); but the bulk of the volume consisted of political and economical documents of the later Ptolemaic period, ordinances of Euergetes II. and Soter II., official letters and local petitions. Of these last, one concerned a burglary by which a robe and tunic belonging to the petitioner's mother were feloniously appropriated. They were valued at one talent 4,000 drachmas, and at 4,000 drachmas. "Strange as it may seem, there were dining-clubs in those days, of the accounts of which portions are forthcoming. The members at each dinner were usually about twenty in number, and each paid 100 drachmæ, exclusive of wine, bread, and garlands. The names of the guests, usually about four, are given on a separate list." Finally, after a reference to Appendix II., with its conclusion that, for the second century B. C. the accepted view that the ratio of a silver to a copper drachma was 120 to 1 must yield to a ratio varying from 500 to 1 to 375 to 1, and, after intimating that this newly established ratio would make the petitioner's valuation of his mother's stolen attire a less exorbitant one, Sir John offered his congratulations to the learned decipherers of these papyri. It may not be amiss to advert here to the circumstance that the generous American subscriptions to the Fund have not been at all proportionately given to the Græco-Roman branch. The value of these papyri to classical learning is so great that it seems not unreasonable to expect those interested in the classics to come forward generously in the future.

The third volume of the Oxyrhynchus Papyri was announced for publication in July next; it will contain portions of two odes by Pindar, a large fragment of Menander's 'Kolax,' two mimes, one partly in verse, a fragment of the 'Cesti' of Julius Africanus concerning a MS. of Homer's Odyssey found by him in Palestine, a fragment of Plato's 'Gorgias' and of the 'Iliad,' and also a fragment of Baruch's 'Apocalypse' in the Greek original, now first brought to light as the source from which the current Syriac version is derived.

There followed a review of changes in extant Egyptological museums (to which might be appended the organization under Mr. Lythgoe of an Egyptological department in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts), and then the President went into the details of the formation of the new committee in Boston, where, he said, "the independent supporters of the Fund" have constituted

"a local Committee, under whose charge we may hope that the affairs of the Fund in Boston will prosper, and that the office in that city will, as heretofore, be regarded as the headquarters of the Fund in the United States. The new Committee is exceptionally strong, and consists of seven members, the emeritus Professor of Greek Literature at Harvard, Dr. Goodwin, being the Chairman. His renown as a scholar is world-wide, and he is well known as having been the organizer and first Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. He is a D.C.L. of Oxford and an LL.D. of Cambridge and Edinburgh. His colleagues are Mr. Thornton R. Lothrop, Mr. Theodore M. Davis of Newport, R. I., Mr. Gardiner M. Lane, Mr. J. Ellerton Lodge, Mr. Albert M. Lythgoe, and Mr. Edward Robinson, all well-known men in Boston, some of whom are familiar with Egypt. Mr. Lodge has been appointed Honorary Secretary, and Mr. Foster has consented to act as Treasurer, though at present he has not joined the Committee."

Lack of space compels me to be very brief in summarizing Professor Flinders Petrie's address. On the subject of the building up of the history of the early dynasties, "few perhaps realize," said he, "that what is quoted now as a matter of course in the order of the kings was entirely brought to light only two years ago in 'Royal Tombs.'" Scarcely a single conclusion had been modified in the two succeeding years which had built up so much more. The main work of last winter was "the reading page by page the successive levels of the early town of Abydos." An exact continuity between the end of the prehistoric age and the beginning of the 7,000 years of written record had been determined entirely as the result of archæology. Our knowledge had gone through four stages: gold-hunting, art-hunting, inscription-hunting, and archæology-hunting. Each stage had been despised as foolishness by those which preceded it, each in its turn had shown a wider interest, a greater importance in the remains of past civilization.

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For the coming year's work there was the great site of the oldest Abydos temple, cleared as yet only down to the Eighteenth Dynasty level. The two or three yards of accumulations now left must contain older remains of the temples rebuilt by earlier kings. A series of temples had left their marks, and, he said, the goal sought after was the Temple of the First Dynasty kings on a site which is under the water level until late in the spring. It would be necessary to do the costly work of removing all the upper layers in order to dry the soil below, and finally to work, perhaps, under water.

Two immense Twelfth Dynasty tombs found last year would have to be cleared out. Here the lavish care of the work was attested by red granite sarcophagi of vast size, and hundreds of square yards of polished quarzite, which Mr. Petrie had actually seen in one of them. We might hope for fine objects from these passages and chambers. Also, the excavation of the large fort of the Old Kingdom and of the great cemetery of Abydos was by no means yet completed. So large, indeed, was the amount of work that the committee had agreed to join more workers together, and, he said, "we go out this year a much larger party of united workers than we have ever had before." Mr. Hugh Stannus, a skilled architect, Mr. Currelly, Mr. Rawnsley, and Mr. Ayrton were each to take some part in charge. Miss Hansard had volunteered to give help in artistic drawing, and Miss Eckenstein would attend to camp work on the collections. His own business would be "organizing, arranging, and interpreting the work, drawing and preparing for publication." "Thus," he added, "we shall be a party of nine, and hope to get through in one season what on the old rate would have taken three years." Such a staff would render the Fund less dependent than before on the health of any one person whatever. Indeed, it was the duty of the Society to rescue what they could in Egypt before it was "entirely wrecked by the dealer, the ignorant amateur and speculator, and the commercial destroyer," none of whom left a shred of information. None but the present generation could perform this duty, said Professor Petrie, because, "at the present rate of wreckage, there would be but little left behind for future lives to explore; and he closed with the pregnant and pointed sentence: "Now is the time!" LOUIS DYER.

## CONNEMARA AND "THE GOVERNMENT."

CONNEMARA, November, 1902.

The beautiful broken fringe of western Ireland called Connemara stretches down the coast of Galway for some forty miles. Its rain-soaked valleys furnish some of the poorest and thinnest soil in Ireland. The mountain-sides, covered with heather, gorse, and bracken, picked out with masses of gray rock, are a triumph of color at all seasons of the year. But the soil will not support trees, and the lack of them adds to the wild and gloomy character of the scenery. Connemara means "Bays of the Sea." The coast is so deeply and curiously indented that on an inland drive one is continually encountering salt water where the sea has eaten its way almost to the foot of the confused mass of peaks known as the "Twelve Pins of Connemara." The Connemara peasant grazes his lean black cattle and sheep on wind-swept or boggy patches of rough grass; in the absence of fences, herding is the most common calling, and gives scope for innumerable suits for trespass; for two passions rule the native temperament—the love of pretty litigation, and an insatiate hunger for ownership of the land.

The showy organization of the United Irish League and the prompt action of the Government in putting down boycotting by the League in Sligo have seemed to the outside public an evidence of serious agitation. But it is twenty years since agitation led to serious consequences in this country, and the tactics of the League do not include illegal violence. In Connemara the League has slight hold, a fact due mainly to the increased prosperity of the district. In past years the Connaught peasant was continually haunted by the spectre of potato famine. In the remote village from which I write, the confused and neglected graves of the children who perished in scores in the last "failure" still mar the beauty of the mountain-side.

Two main causes have lightened the burden of Connemara. Emigration, the "passing away" of the people which so impressed Cardinal Gibbons, threatens to be disastrous for the future of Ireland as a whole, but it has proved a blessing to Galway, where the inhabitants were once far too numerous for the soil to support them. Connemara is still a "Congested District," and there are even now cases of terrible overcrowding. The island of Boffin, which has an area of two and a half miles by one, has to maintain a thousand peasants. Every inch of it is cultivated by the spade, for the people are too closely crowded to allow of much grazing. But elsewhere, as a rule, the population is in better proportion to the land. The Galway men, even more than the rest of Ireland, seem to turn their backs on Europe and their faces to the New World. But though a majority emigrate to America, chiefly to Pittsburgh, where there is a large Galway colony, many pass over to Scotland, where there are chances of work in the large towns.

The mere reduction of the population, however, would have done little for a Connemara dependent on potatoes. It is to the efforts of the Government that the people owe their comparative freedom from that slavery—a fact regularly ignored by the Nationalist politician who talks of "the deadly blight of British rule." Ten years ago this place was fifty miles from the railway. The Government, to develop tourist traffic, and for the sake of local trade, ran a line as far as Clifden, seven miles distant, and this railway to Galway has naturally altered the outlook of all the Connemara industries. As an offset to the potato, the development of the fishing industry on this much indented shore was one of the first aims of the Congested Districts Board established in 1891. The Fishery Blue Book, recently issued by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, shows the great progress made in sea fisheries all along the Irish coasts. In 1901 some 26,000 men were employed in the Irish fisheries. Here, to the south of Achill, under the nursing of the Government, the industry has made great strides. The Board has spared no pains or expenditure in its efforts to make the sea support the population to whom the land has proved so grudging. The nearest fishing village now possesses seventeen large boats brought over by the Government from the Isle of Man, and lent on such liberal terms that most of the boats—worth £350 each—are already owned by the fishermen. On every boat, during the mackerel season, a paid expert is provided free of charge to instruct the crew of five men. Moreover, the Government guarantees in all seasons that all the fish landed at the little pier shall be bought by its agents at a fixed price; thus the fisherman need take no thought of the market. A floating marine station is kept up in one of the Connemara bays, with experts whose aim is to discover the conditions under which oysters may be cultivated with profit. Inland the Congested Districts Board is eager to nurse every industry, and to encourage every sign of independent work. It maintains weaving and agricultural experts who are always at the call of the peasants, while in a bad season it sprays their potatoes and furnishes fresh seed. The Government holdings, with their slate-roofed, two-storied cabins and well-fenced land, are meant as an example to the people, who are, as a rule, absolutely indifferent to the condition of their cabins. These holdings are to be acquired on easy terms of purchase by small instalments, and there was keen competition to become a tenant of the Government. The aim in assigning the holdings has been to induce men who live in an overcrowded township to move into new quarters at a distance.

Like Ithaca, Connemara is not a country for horses. Even the Connemara breed of ponies, once famous, is practically extinct. The efforts of the Board have been directed to improving the breed of the stunted horses which it is every peasant's ambition to own, and it has succeeded, at any rate, in more than doubling the value of the foals. But the majority of the peasants cannot afford winter keep or stabling, and the foals are usually sold before the winter season, which prevents permanent improvement in the stock. On the other hand, the importation of expensive pedigree bulls has done much to improve the breed of cattle. The land is not good enough for fattening cattle, so there is no beef to be had, but practically every peasant has at least one milch cow. The Government is endeavoring to oust spade cultivation, and to this end supplies light American machinery and tools at cost price. In the matter of threshing their scanty crops of oats—no wheat is grown—the Connemara native has not even reached the flail stage. The oats are beaten against big round stones, and cleaned of chaff in the wind on the hillside. No threshing machine has ever been seen in Connemara, and last year saw the first horse mowing-machine used with great success on the upland hay.

The visitor who should judge of peasant life in this region from outward appearances would usually be misled. During his recent motor-car tour in Connemara, the new Lord Lieutenant, struck by the squalor of a roadside cabin in this neighborhood, entered and gave a sovereign to the barefooted occupant. But there can be few laborers on Lord Dudley's English estates who need alms less than that family. The

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husband is a carpenter in regular work at good wages; he owns a fishing boat and several head of cattle which his holding maintains, and he is supposed to have not less than £200 in the bank. Of how many English peasants can so much be said? Yet this is not an isolated case in Connemara, where the possibilities open to thrift and hard work are much more attractive than for the corresponding class in England; nor can one judge easily of the real circumstances of a people who consider that, by the presence of the pig, the chickens, and a cow or two by the fireside they have secured all the comforts of home. To make such prosperity the rule in barren Connemara, all that is needed is that its inhabitants shall throw off the invalidism of will and the pessimistic apathy bequeathed by their fathers who struggled hopelessly with the potato problem. The aim of the Government is to convince the peasants of the need of collateral industries of all kinds. But it is not easy to induce them to stand on their own feet. Just as the land about him, without constant attention, will revert in a few years to its primitive wildness of heather and bracken, so the peasant of Connemara, if one stops the process of "spoon-feeding," ceases to make an effort on his own account.

An instance of this is a neighboring basket industry. It was started some years ago by an Englishwoman, with the idea of encouraging the people to grow osiers and export their home-made baskets. An easy and profitable cottage industry was thus brought within reach of the younger members of the peasant families. It was, in fact, the sort of attempt that has been made with such success in the Lake country to revive cottage weaving and the like. Here the little basket factory, under its expert instructor, has indeed prospered; the youths are quick to learn, and the basket furniture made there is the best of its kind. The Government was prompt to supply free land for the growth of the osiers. But the industry is bounded by the factory walls and will never take root in the cabins. Those who acquire the art and earn good wages in the factory, no sooner return to their homes than the impulse dies. Work that requires application and skill is wholly uncongenial, and they revert to "the herding," the laziest of all employments.

So much for the efforts of the Government to make the Connemara peasant

> "Content to breathe his native air
> In his own ground."

If he will work for them, "a few paternal acres" can become his on easier terms than in any other country in Europe, but when he has them, though apathetic, he is far from content. It is an unhappy characteristic of the Celt that he never forgets a wrong, real or fancied; and this is seldom reckoned with by his Saxon neighbor, who is always assuming that the Irish will do as he would in the same case—shake hands on an acknowledged grievance and start afresh. When the Connemara peasant leaves his own land, where his priest, in accordance with one of the maxims of the Church, "recognizes the value of ignorance" to an extent that is apt to paralyze Protestant effort; when he gets clear of the gloomy superstitions which he is not allowed to unlearn, and the traditions of oppression and famine which the politicians urge him never to forget, then only can he be counted on for independent effort. In Connemara he is always an invalid; is always liable to a relapse. W. C. F.

# Correspondence.

## ERNST CURTIUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A book of altogether unusual interest has just been published by Julius Springer in Berlin. It is nothing less than a vivid and adequate portraiture of Ernst Curtius, in a long series of personal letters written during a period of more than sixty years. The work of editing has been performed by Curtius's only son, Friedrich Curtius, Kreis-Director of Alsace, with a grace and skill worthy of the editor's name and of his father. Though the letters are printed without comment, the editor has given, in an able preface of ten pages, some analysis of the conspicuous traits of his father. The volume, of 700 pages, does not consist of letters by Curtius alone. A considerable number of letters by other persons supplement the narrative and enhance the interest of the book. These are chiefly letters of George Curtius, the younger brother of Ernst, and of Emperor Frederick. Another attractive feature of the book is the insertion, in their proper chronological position, of many of Curtius's occasional poems, which are characterized by great beauty. It is difficult to give, in brief space, an idea of the interest of this extraordinary book to all who value German culture. It would be hard to find another life which touched intimately so many influential persons, and was from beginning to end so inspiring. It well-nigh spanned the nineteenth century (1813 to 1896).

Curtius seemed to many a favorite of fortune. He himself used to say that his life appeared to him to unfold itself as if according to a predetermined plan. Yet that was only a modest way of saying that he was always ready for extraordinary opportunities and equipped for unusual tasks. At twelve he suffered a savage box on the ear from a severe gymnasial director for collecting, during school hours, contributions to aid the Greeks in their revolt against the Turks! At fifteen he writes to his father of a thought which much engaged him, namely, that of devoting his life to the careful study of Greek and Latin literature, with special reference to the life of the Greeks. At twenty-three, his university studies not yet completed, he was invited by Brandis, King Otho's privy councillor, one of the distinguished scholars of that day, to go to the newly-founded kingdom of Greece and be teacher of Brandis's sons. At Athens there was then gathered an extraordinary array of able men, from many nations, all interested in, and expecting impossible things of, the new Greek kingdom. With these, Curtius, not yet twenty-five, lived in relations of intimate companionship. At twenty-eight, he was back in Berlin, where all doors were open to him, and the names which constantly appear in his letters are those of the men most prominent in science, literature, and art at that brilliant period, not very long subsequent to the founding of the University of Berlin. Among those with whom the young Curtius was on terms of intimacy were Humboldt, Ritter, the brothers Grimm, Lachmann, Meineke, Twesten, Kugler, Haupt, Schelling, Hermann, Boeckh; and the young man speaks of them all, in his letters to his father at Lübeck, with a freedom which is just as conspicuous as his deep admiration for their talents.

At Berlin, Curtius began quietly to publish the results of his studies in Greece. A brilliant popular address on the Acropolis, in 1844, made him the sensation of the hour, and awakened in the mother of the Emperor Frederick an eager desire that this gifted young savant might guide her son. This public address was the outward occasion of Curtius's appointment as teacher of Crown Prince Frederick. Curtius writes to his father: "My address has set Berlin aflame over the Acropolis, and no fault has been found with me except that my closing bow, which I made to the royal box, was not profound enough. The stiff neck of a Republican could be seen!" It was another public address, on Olympia, in 1852, which drew from King Frederick William the declaration that he was ready to take a plate in hand and go about begging for funds to accomplish the excavation of this historic spot. It was reserved, however, for Emperor William, under the inspiration of his son, Curtius's pupil, to carry out this great work of peace of the German Empire.

The roots of what Curtius was were in his father's house in Lübeck. That noble historic city on the Baltic was a never-failing inspiration to him. His father combined practical capacity with a scholar's spirit; he was both man of affairs and student. What a tempting picture to linger over is that of the family life at Lübeck! How strong was the tie that bound together parents and the four brothers, of whom Ernst was the third! From the first absence from home at Bonn in 1832 until after 1854, the home letters make an unbroken series. We follow the hopes and ambitions of the young student; his estimate of his teachers, always kind, but always discriminating; his interesting and novel experiences of life in Greece; and the early years at Berlin, while Curtius was opening, by his industry and ability, the brilliant path which led him to such brilliant success. His six years at court brought him into familiar contact with persons of the highest importance, especially the King; the Crown Prince, afterward Emperor William; and Curtius's royal pupil, Frederick, who are characterized in the letters with the greatest freedom and the greatest delicacy. In one interesting passage, Curtius suggests that perhaps he had been able to do something to make the evenings at court a little less stiffly dull. Another beautiful touch is where he describes, with tender reverence, the fondness of Humboldt, in extreme old age, for reading aloud, at evening gatherings at the palace, longer than others cared to hear him.

These letters reveal a constant interest in men and things, a delight in the full, rich life of a great city like Berlin, and an inspiring joy in labor and effort. One seems, while reading the elevated and striking thoughts which Curtius pours out to his nearest friends, to see him as he was and almost to hear his voice. I have spoken at length of the series of letters to Curtius's father, because these are so full and

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so frequent, and give such a picture of Curtius's early manhood. I have not spoken of the letters, of no less interest, written after 1850, when his influence was greatest and the number of his correspondents largest, nor have I allowed myself to speak of his domestic relations, of which also the letters give some hint. I know no more beautiful picture of life in cultivated German circles for the long period which this book covers, than this volume reveals. I do not believe that another so delicate and charming portrait of a great German scholar exists as these letters supply. They are an invaluable record of much that was most important in Germany in the nineteenth century. The book, at least in liberal extracts, must be translated into English.

ROBERT PORTER KEEP.

NORWICH, CONN., November 21, 1902.

## ONE HUNDRED TWENTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The expression "one hundred twenty" in place of "one hundred and twenty" was probably not invented by mathematicians. In Shakspere's "Henry V." we find the following examples:

"Four hundred twenty-six" (i. 2, 61).
"Eight hundred five" (i. 2, 64).
"One hundred twenty-six" (iv. 8, 77).

This fact no doubt accounts for the use of the phrase by the "pedantic, affected person whose dress, speech, and manner" were so distasteful to Professor Scott.

Yours very truly, LEWIS F. MOTT.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
November 21, 1902.

[We learn that "arithmetical" was dropped before "expression" in Professor Scott's communication. He intended "to confine the discussion to the usage of arithmetical writers."—ED. NATION.]

## THE COCKNEY H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much entertained by the protest of your correspondent, "H. W. H.," against American misrepresentations of the use of *h* by the English. For many years I have observed this linguistic phenomenon with some care, both in England and among Americanized Englishmen, and I have been led to formulate the rule applicable in such cases in about these words: Where the *h* belongs, omit it; where it does not belong, place it. I once asked a London policeman to direct me to High Holborn. "Where," said he, "is it you want to go?" I repeated my question, whereupon he corrected me by saying, "You mean 'igh 'oburn." While in the same city I lodged for some time with a man who told me his name was 'Enry 'Amshaw, but when he wrote it, I noticed that he put h before both words. I recently made the acquaintance of a man on a transatlantic steamer, who told me several times that he was going to "Montrehal." These are a few among the many instances I have noted, and I cannot discover that emphasis has anything to do in the matter.

In this country I have known a number of Englishmen who frankly admitted their peccadilloes in this respect, and corrected them when their attention was called to them until they overcame the habit; but they could give no reason for the peculiarity. It is curious that a good many English people deny *in toto* this misuse of the letter *h*. Not long ago, in a company where I happened to be, a German related an anecdote of a peculiar mishap to an Englishman at a hotel in Berlin. He ordered a waiter to bring him some "hice water," who, understanding that his guest wanted *heiszes Wasser*, brought this. As a result of the misunderstanding, the guest burned himself and berated the waiter for his stupidity. The story was told without the slightest tinge of malice; but a lady who happened to be present, and whose treatment of the letter in question betrayed her nationality, spoke up angrily, declaring that all such stories were pure lies; that no Englishman ever talked that way—and more of the same sort. From the scientific point of view we certainly have here before us one of the most curious phenomena in modern speech. I have come across nothing like it outside of English.

C. N. SUPER.

[Our correspondent adduces no example that contravenes the rule laid down by "H. W. H."—ED. NATION.]

# Notes.

Persons who possess manuscripts bearing upon the career of William H. Crawford are requested to communicate with Ulrich B. Phillips, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. The letters of Crawford to G. W. Erving and to John Randolph of Roanoke are particularly desired.

The Johns Hopkins Press invites subscriptions to a reprint of four notable economic tracts of the nineteenth century, among those, of great importance in the development of economic thought, which have long been inaccessible to students. Publication will begin in January, 1903, under the direction of Prof. J. H. Hollander. Ricardo's three letters on the Price of Gold (1809), Malthus's inquiry into the Nature of Rent (1815), Sir E. West's essay on the Application of Capital to Land (1815), and Longe's refutation of Mill and Fawcett's Wage-Fund Theory (1866). Each tract will have an introduction and (if necessary) annotations by the editor. Subscription to the series has been fixed at one dollar, the edition being of 500 copies. With proper encouragement, similar series for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will be undertaken under the same auspices.

The edition of 'Academic Honors in Princeton University, 1748-1902,' to issue next week from the press and to present a list of salutatorians, valedictorians, honormen, etc., since the founding of the College, in both the academic and the scientific departments, will be limited to 500 copies. This is the first complete list of the kind undertaken by any university. The volume may be had of C. W. McAlpin, Secretary of the University.

The Bodleian Society, No. 92 Fifth Avenue, New York, are about to bring out a "Classic Library of Famous Literatures" in twenty crown octavo volumes, edited by Frederick B. De Berard, with a general introduction by Dr. Rossiter Johnson. By "Literature" in this title is meant Tales. Photogravure illustrations, and indexes, are promised.

'Deeper Teachings of Plant Life,' by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, and 'A History of Christianity from St. Paul to Phillips Brooks,' by the Rev. W. E. Gardner, are nearly ready to be brought out by Thomas Whittaker.

The Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co. of Kansas City announce for issuance next month 'A Collection of the Writings of John James Ingalls,' edited by William E. Connelley, the biographer of John Brown and General J. H. Lane. The selections have been made by the late Senator's wife.

A Life of Andrew Carnegie, by Barnard Alderson, is in the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.

The ever-recurring English classics mark the advent of the gift season. Macmillan's edition of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' with Austin Dobson's brief preface and Hugh Thomson's agreeable illustrations, is revived in smaller and cheaper form, retaining all the substance of the original. The 'Essays of Richard Steele,' selected and edited by a namesake, L. E. Steele, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, swells acceptably the little Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan). The editor traces Steele's life with the aid of recent information to offset Macaulay's misrepresentations and "the picturesque inaccuracies of Thackeray." He remarks that there is not a trace in Steele's writings "of what it is nowadays the fashion to call the Celtic spirit; nor, indeed, in those of any of the Irishmen who have taken a high place in the beadroll of the great English writers. It would seem as if it were not to be in the land of its birth that Irish genius was to find inspiration." The reader is sure to be propitiated by the sympathetic and graceful introduction. A larger page is devoted to the selected 'Poems by Percy Bysshe Shelley' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan), to which Walter Raleigh furnishes an introduction, thus referred to in a curious note regarding the decorative drawings by Robert Anning Bell: "If they be found superfluous or irrelevant, they must share that condemnation with the preface." The fore-matter is, in fact, rather perfunctory and none too illuminating. Mr. Bell's designs make a pleasant break in the letterpress, and occasionally afford satisfaction in themselves without respect to the text. As is apt to be the case with pen-and-ink work, the smaller pieces are the best. The book is prettily bound. It has no notes or other apparatus than that mentioned.

It is a real service to reprint the late Clarence King's 'Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada' as Messrs. Scribner have just done. Originally published in 1871, its extraordinary merit as narrative gave it a fourth edition in three years. It has since gone out of the trade. We reopen the book almost by chance at that well-remembered page of "Cut-off Copples's," in which the blond "Pike" moves a stalled team of twelve mules by judicious swearing without the use of the lash, and modestly disclaims all credit for distinction in this branch of the humanities. "You'd jest orter hear Pete Green. *He can exhort the impenitent mule.*" This is Mr. King's humorous vein. Noble descriptions of nature abound in the chapters on Shasta and Mr. Whitney, or in "Merced Ramblings"; and ever the trained scientific eye interprets the phenomena amid which the geologist

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makes his difficult way. There are few better books to read aloud.

Books on musical topics are less abundant than usual at this time of the year. Useful as a gift book is a new edition, in two volumes, of Nathan Haskell Dole's 'Famous Composers' (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.). It is not intended for students of music so much as for amateurs who are anxious to familiarize themselves with the principal events in the lives of twenty composers, described in a gossipy style. The third volume of the 'Oxford History of Music,' written by Hubert Parry and devoted to the music of the seventeenth century (Clarendon Press), will be noticed more fully hereafter. A translation, from the Italian, apparently, of Dr. Alfredo Untersteiner's 'History of Music' is supplied by Dodd, Mead & Co. The author quaintly declares in the preface that "those who know that I have lived in foreign lands, almost from earliest youth, will not expect from me elegance in style." He presents his facts, however, in clear language, and increases the usefulness of his book for students by means of bibliographic lists appended to each of the twenty-three chapters. In his judgments he is impartial. For music students, especially those who wish to compose, is intended 'Counterpoint Applied,' by Percy Goetschius (G. Schirmer). It treats of the invention-forms, choral-figuration, fugue, and canon. A good book on the life and works of Mozart in the English language has long been a desideratum, and it has been supplied at last by Eustace J. Breakspeare (E. P. Dutton & Co.). While sometimes undiscriminating in his criticisms, this author does not go to such lengths of adulation as Jahn, and he otherwise improves on that ponderous and voluminous German. Mozart's operas are analyzed in detail. The piano concertos are less satisfactorily treated than they are by Parry in his article on Concertos in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians.' In speaking of Mozart's songs the author remarks that few of them were published in his lifetime. "With a Shakespearian indifference to their fate, they remained (for varying whiles) in the hands of those to whom originally sent. This, alone, reveals the state of the music-publishing world in 1791. Fancy a Sullivan, or a Tosti, doing the like nowadays!"

Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin treats with somewhat incoherent enthusiasm of the maritime interests of this country, under the title 'The American Merchant Marine' (Charles Scribner's Sons). He makes it clear that the shipping of the colonies increased wonderfully in spite of the restrictive laws of the mother country, and then proceeds to contend that, after the Revolution, bounties and protective duties were necessary for the preservation of our marine. He insists that a powerful navy is essential for the protection of our commerce, and proves that it throve immensely when we had almost no war-ships. He clinches the argument by showing that our privateers constituted by far the most efficient part of our naval force when we actually engaged in war. So he continues, insisting that our marine was ruined for lack of subsidies, and, of course, winding up with a demand for the payment of bounties. The fallacy of these views was thoroughly exposed by Mr. D. A. Wells, and it would be idle to repeat his facts. When Mr. Marvin forgets his protectionism, he writes entertainingly of ships and their voyages; but his material is taken largely from other works on these subjects which are not likely to be superseded by his own.

Several addresses by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge are reprinted in a volume entitled 'A Fighting Frigate,' published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The 'Fighting Frigate' is, of course, the *Constitution*, and it is needless to say that Mr. Lodge discourses of her career with martial ardor. The other addresses are on John Marshall, Oliver Ellsworth, Rochambeau, Daniel Webster, and three of the recent Governors of Massachusetts. The essay entitled "Some Impressions of Russia" is adapted to correct many of the vague notions prevalent concerning the economic condition of that empire.

We cannot say that Mr. John B. McMaster's 'Daniel Webster' (The Century Co.) adds much to our knowledge of the character of that statesman. Indeed, we fear that readers whose information was derived exclusively from this book would fail to understand a very critical period and a very instructive career. But the account of Webster's life in its most conspicuous incidents is readable, and the impartial, not to say unsympathetic, attitude of the author is favorable to the formation of an unbiassed judgment by the reader. No attempt is made to criticise Webster's speeches from a literary point of view, and his public activity is represented rather as that of a politician than of a statesman.

The little volume, 'In City Tents,' by Christine Terhune Herrick (G. P. Putnam's Sons), holds a deal of wisdom ready for the using by young couples about to go to housekeeping in New York. "The City Tent" is the small flat, and "in city tents," observes the writer, "every one lives in every other person's pocket, so to speak." Her pages are full of excellent practical counsel for the young home-makers, from the time they begin to look for their flat till they are ready to give little dinners and modest after-theatre suppers. In the matter of summer Sunday outings, the book comes near to being a suburban guide, and a good one. Touching food and clothes, it gives sound advice as to the principles of eating and dressing without too closely touching on the receipt-book or the fashion magazine. It is an unpretending manual for unpretending young persons whose lines are cast in narrow spaces. Its matter is sensible, its manner kindly, genial, twaddle-free; its views sane, hopeful, and conciliatory, treating the janitor and the husband as men and brethren.

The dictionary arrangement of 'Harper's Cook Book Encyclopædia' will commend itself to all who resort to it. Classification of breads, cakes, fish, gravies, puddings, sausages, etc., under this scheme goes hand in hand with abundant cross-references. The only fault we have to find with it is, that the rubrics of the main alphabet and the sub-rubrics are not distinguished typographically. "Frog's Legs, Grilled," for example, is in the same letter as "Fruits in Blanc-mange Border," the first following entry under "Fruits." The recipes are very numerous, and some not easy to find in cook books are here given. General remarks on the art of cooking precede the dictionary, and the inside covers contain "the cook's time-table," and weights and measures. Sixteen photographic illustrations display the set table or various articles of food as cooked and served.

In revising his 'First Manual of Composition' (Macmillan) Prof. Edwin H. Lewis has profited by experience and virtually recast the whole. One novelty, in the punctuation section, is the introduction of forty typical sentences to be learned by heart. The section on description is attended by thirty copies of prints after paintings, statuary, architecture, natural scenery, or portraits from life, with Frederick Douglass and Booker Washington closing the series of great men led by John Stuart Mill.

The little primer of supplementary reading in geography, 'Strange Lands near Home' (Ginn & Co.), consists of extracts from papers that have already appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, some by well-known and practised writers like Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Arabella B. Buckley, Joaquin Miller, Frederick Schwatka, etc. They all relate to the Western hemisphere.

From the same firm we are glad to greet a reissue of the late Jane Andrews's 'Seven Little Sisters,' a series of girl pictures from all over the world that might be regarded as a development of the opening chapter of Judd's 'Margaret.'

'Colonial Children' is the theme of the first of the "Source Readers in American History," selected and annotated by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, with collaboration (Macmillan). There has been a free handling, modernizing, abstracting of contemporary narratives from Hauk Erlendsson's saga of a Wineland baby (1000 A. D.) to Francis Hopkinson's 'Mock Examination' (1784). Here is part of Madam Sarah Knight's lively account of her horseback ride from Boston to New York in 1704, and Franklin's "Too Much for the Whistle"; the strict rules of Harvard College in 1660, Increase Mather's story of his rescue from Indian captivity, and Gov. Bradford's of the first Plymouth landing. The illustrations, some ancient, have been well chosen, and the scheme is much to be commended for school or home.

The second volume in the above series, Mabel Hill replacing Blanche E. Hazard as Professor Hart's helper, deals with 'Camps and Firesides of the Revolution,' and gives us dutiful seven-year-old John Quincy Adams's letter to his father, in 1774; something from the journal of Mme. Riedesel; passages from Timothy Dwight, and from Peter Kalm (on negro servants and slaves, among other things); the story of Putnam and the wolf, of Daniel Boone; some verse, many good pictures again. The third volume, 'How Our Grandfathers Lived,' with Anne Bliss Chapman's assistance, does not fall behind the others in interest; In Town, In the Country, Travellers, Out West, The Indians, At Sea, The Army, At School furnishing the themes for selections. We regret to observe that none of these miscellanies has an index, while the table of contents is very meagre.

The October issue of the Essex Institute Historical Collections is noticeable for a bringing together of authorities regarding "The Affair at the North Bridge, Salem (Mass.), February 26, 1775"—an early discomfiture of the King's troops, about which much has been written by local antiquaries. The article is accompanied by a print of Bridgman's painting of the historic scene, and by portraits of participants or wit-

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nesses to the incident, from Timothy Pickering to Capt. Richard Derby.

Among the historical manuscripts published in the November Bulletin of the Boston Public Library is a letter of Gen. Henry Knox, written in 1777, in which he declares that he is "surpriz'd and shock'd at the supiness shewn by the New England States on the untoward situation of our affairs at the northward." He is "much diverted," however, "at the ridiculous exhibition of the [Boston?] money makers on the suppos'd appearance of the enemy in the Bay." There is an interesting confession of a man who "raised" bills of credit in 1776, showing the prevalence of the crime in Massachusetts and the lack of appreciation of its dishonesty. Nathaniel Appleton, writing from Boston in 1778, says in reference to the coming of a British agent, "oh the pittyfull shifts they are put to send over an half begotten illbegotten Hemorphridite which is neither male or female Dependant or Independent not yet born, yet sent across the Atlantic to accomplish more than 60,000 men could do, Oh! strange."

In the Paris letter printed last week concerning the Museum of St. Germain, there was a slip in the last paragraph but one (eleventh line from end), where "Louis XIII." passed for "Louis IX."

—The Rev. A. J. Church has long since proved himself to be a capital story-teller, and many who know nothing of his ripe scholarship have reread his tales from Homer and Virgil. In 'Stories of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France' (Macmillan) he leaves the classical period and moves forward to the Middle Ages. Most of the legends which are here recast for popular use come from the *chansons;* but one of them at least, the story of Ralph the Collier, seems to be unknown in a French version. The Early English Text Society has recently published the Charlemagne romances as they were translated by Caxton and Lord Berners, but, on the whole, the Carolingian cycle is much less familiar to the generality of English readers than is the cycle of the Niebelungen Lied. To the historian the vagaries of folklore are almost as entertaining as they are instructive. In the case of Charlemagne the distortion of fact is less glaring than in that of Attila, but it is still considerable. On the whole, legend tends to abase the great emperor rather than to exalt him. Such touches as that in the Heimskringla Saga, where Sigvat the skald christens Olaf's son Magnus, after King Karl Magnus, "the best man in the world," are rare. Usually Roland and the peers are the true heroes, while Charlemagne is somewhat belittled by their prominence. Mr. Church recalls the analogy of Agamemnon and Achilles, which is quite to the point. "The real Charlemagne," he adds, "was a very great personality, one that impressed his age as deeply as any man has ever done; in these stories he often appears petty, capricious, and obstinate." The tales in Mr. Church's collection present a large number of the cavaliers who figure most prominently in the *chansons* of the twelfth century—Roland, Oliver, Fierabras, Turpin, the crafty Maugis, and Ganelon the traitor. For the sake of Shakspere we must also be glad that Huon of Bordeaux is included among the foregoing worthies, all of whom are somewhat better known than himself. This is an excellent series of tales, and one that will make good pabulum for boys of fourteen who are hungering after adventures.

—The last volumes issued by the Selden Society, Volume XIII. for 1899, the appearance of which was much delayed, and Volume XV. for 1901, deal with two obscure departments of the English law of the thirteenth century, the peculiar laws applicable under the Angevin kings and their successors to the forests and to the Jews. 'Select Pleas of the Forest' are extracts from the proceedings of the Justices of the Forest in their "eyres," or circuits, through the forest counties of England. Their editor, Mr. G. J. Turner, shows that the forest eyre, far from being purely an instrument of tyranny, was a part of the financial machinery of government, and was chiefly concerned with protecting the forests and raising revenue in the shape of fines. He gives a valuable introduction, describing the various forest officers and their functions. In an appendix he supplies a very learned glossary, in which the rich mediæval vocabulary of forest terms is admirably explained.

—Less learned, but even more interesting, is the later volume, 'Select Pleas, Starrs and Other Records from the Rolls of the Exchequer of the Jews,' edited by Mr. J. M. Rigg. This is a selection of extracts from the records of the Exchequer of the Jews between 1201 and 1290, namely, from the time of the Jewish Charter of Liberties granted by King John down to the expulsion of the Jews under Edward I. An excellent introduction by the editor describes the various persecutions—fiscal by the Crown and physical by the people—from which the Jewish community suffered. Indeed, considering the smallness of that community (about 18,000 in 1290), the fact that they had a monopoly of the money-lending business, and the fact that the legal rate of interest seems to have been 43 per cent. per annum, it is no wonder that they were both hated and persecuted. The anti-Semitism of the present day has far less excuse. The Justices of the Jews, of whose proceedings full specimens are here given, were an outgrowth of the Court of Exchequer, and were appointed to assist that court in dealing with cases affecting these most valuable chattels of the Crown. Considering how little original work has been devoted to the mediæval history of the English Jews, and how copious are the sources, Mr. Rigg might have done well to illustrate his points by reference to other authorities. Prynne's 'Demurrer' of 1656, the pioneer work on the subject, and Mr. Joseph Jacobs's very learned little book on the 'Jews of Angevin England,' make one feel that Mr. Rigg has hardly done justice to his material.

—The botanical collections obtained by the Hopkins-Stanford Expedition to the Galapagos Islands on the western coast of South America, were referred to the Gray Herbarium of Harvard University for determination. In the important paper printed in the Proceedings of the American Academy for October, Dr. B. L. Robinson presents the results of careful studies by himself and certain associates, here and abroad, in regard to the peculiar vegetation of this interesting group of islands. In Mr. Darwin's Life (I., p. 276) we read that it was the critical study of the peculiarities of the flora of the Galapagos Islands which was "especially the origin of all my views." With the comparatively rich material now available, in addition to Darwin's some two hundred plants, Dr. Robinson set himself about the task of ascertaining "(1) in how far the vegetation of the archipelago is really peculiar, (2) to what other floras it is most nearly related, and (3) the complicated affinities existing between the florulæ of the different islands." Besides these interesting questions, he desired to throw new light on the origin of the islands themselves. Concerning the points just enumerated, Dr. Robinson says: "While it is thus clear that the Galapageian flora is only an outlying portion of the American flora with a strong specific differentiation, it is impossible to trace its relationship closely to any one section of the Pacific American vegetation. It can only be said in a general way that nearly all the plants of the archipelago are identical with, or obviously related to, species of the Sierras and Andes, or of the Pacific Slope, between Lower California on the one hand, and northern Chili on the other."

—Two views have been held regarding the origin of these islands. The first regards the group as having been raised by volcanic action, and the following facts are urged in support of the suggestion: "(1.) All parts of the islands now visible are obviously of volcanic origin. (2.) The islands are separated from the mainland by a very considerable depth of ocean (more than 1,500 fathoms). (3.) The western coast of South America shows no sign of subsidence, but rather of marked elevation in recent geologic time." Under this view, the clothing of the islands by vegetation has come from seeds, etc., brought thither by winds, currents, and birds of passage. The second view considers the islands as having resulted from the subsidence of intervening land, and hence as being continental islands, or, as one may say, the tops of mountains once a portion of the mainland. The late Dr. Baur, much impressed by the curious relations which exist between the plants of the different islands, was led to adopt the theory of subsidence as more satisfactory than that of elevation. Concerning these noteworthy relations Dr. Robinson presents very interesting statements, which, however, are too long for transcription here. He treats the subject with an impartial hand, and finally arrives at the conclusion that "the botanical evidence, so far as it has yet been made out, is opposed rather than favorable to the subsidence theory."

## FURNESS'S HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO.

*The Home-Life of Borneo Head-Hunters:* Its Festivals and Folklore. By William Henry Furness, 3rd, M.D., F.R.G.S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902. Octavo. Pp. xi, 197. 88 full-page illustrations.

A rare charm characterizes Dr. Furness's account of some forest tribes in North Borneo. It is not a traveller's story of his wanderings among a strange people, nor a scientific student's record of observed facts, but a skilful combination of both story and record. His object is simply to

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describe the native, his appearance, home, occupations, amusements, and, so far as he could learn them, the motives for his actions. So we watch, with him, from the veranda of the common house, the life-current as it flows from morn till night. We take part in expeditions, both for making war and for peace, and join in the elaborate ceremonials and feastings at the naming of a boy. Seated before the fire at evening we listen to the rude music and song and watch the dance, or hear some chief tell of his education as a head-hunter and explain and defend his superstitions. Here, too, we are told the meaning of the tattoo-marks on the body, the feathers on the shield, the carvings on the house-posts, the flight of birds, and other omens essential to the success of a tribe's undertakings. Nearly every important event in the native's life, including sickness, death, and burial, but not marriage, is more or less fully treated. Incidents personal to the author are introduced, and, though always subsidiary to the main theme, greatly heighten the lifelikeness of the scenes pictured. But what contributes most to the charm of the narrative, possibly, is the genuine attachment of the author for this forest-folk. The Kayans and Kenyahs, who seemed at first to be merely uncouth savages, came to be regarded at the end of a twelvemonth's residence among them as "kind-hearted, devoted friends." Naturally, the attachment was mutual; and to the resultant unrestrained, free intercourse between host and guest we owe some of the most interesting and important passages of the book. We should not omit to mention, however, that the reader's enjoyment is enhanced by the author's literary skill and quiet humor, a direct inheritance. The importance of Dr. Furness's work as a contribution to ethnological science, as well as its attractiveness, is increased by the skilful and abundant use of his illustrations. There is scarcely a statement capable of a material representation which is not accompanied by the reproduction of an admirable photograph that enables the reader not merely to verify, but to amplify, the text.

The impression which Dr. Furness's account leaves is of a tropical people who, having reached a certain stage of development, have had their further progress arrested, but who, for some reason, are not relapsing into savagery. Their architectural ability is far above that of many half-civilized races. Their houses, raised on piles fifteen feet high, are strongly built, well floored, well roofed with ironwood shingles; and not a nail is used in their construction. They are sometimes a quarter of a mile long, and capable of sheltering from six hundred to a thousand persons. Really, they are villages of a single street, the veranda being a public thoroughfare throughout the entire length in front of the private rooms. A highly developed artistic sense is shown in the decoration of the houses with carvings and painted borders around doors and along partition walls, but especially in the tattoo patterns carved in high relief on wooden stamps and the prows of their canoes. These Borneans are agriculturists and have considerable mechanical talent, shown in their blowpipes and canoes. A picture is given of a racing-canoe made from a single log 120 feet long and holding quite easily a hundred men. If it is remarkable that with this intelligence their development should have stopped, it is still more strange that they should not have relapsed into perfect barbarism. The head-hunting propensity, as described by Dr. Furness in a chapter of absorbing interest, it would seem, must inevitably debase those who yield to it. A chief told him how his father made him overcome his instinctive aversion to blood-shedding by killing, when a "little fellow," not a captive enemy, but his old nurse, of whom "I was really very fond." And from that time he cherished, "as his highest aim in life, to add every year to that cluster of human heads hanging from the rafters just above us, and gently swaying in the heat ascending from the flames." Yet he gave the impression of being a benignant, gentle-hearted man. Possibly some light is thrown upon the mystery in his vehement defence of the custom:

"No, Tuan! No! the custom is not horrible. It is an ancient custom, a good, beneficent custom, bequeathed to us by our fathers and our fathers' fathers: it brings us blessings, plentiful harvests, and keeps off sickness and pains. Those who were once our enemies, hereby become our guardians, our friends, our benefactors."

The difficulty of the problem is increased by the fact that a neighboring tribe, the Punans, who are much lower in the scale of civilization, "are not head-hunters, and care no more for a collection of human heads than for that of any other animal, and, therefore, never go on a raid." The English Government is doing all in its power to put an end to the practice by punishing it as a crime.

There can be no doubt, however, that the arrested development of the Kayans has much to do with their slavery to their superstitions, many of which are as old as human nature itself. Dr. Furness has collected a great number of facts showing their prevalence and power. The simplest actions of their lives are affected by them. One of the most common and far-reaching is the fear of uttering the name not merely of persons, but of inanimate objects, lest some evil or misfortune should result.

"A Kayan, Kenyah, or Punan never thinks of saying that he is going to search for camphor, but that he is going to look for the 'thing that smells,' and even this he says in a whisper, for fear the camphor crystals, deep in their secret, native home, might hear and elude him after he had all the trouble of chopping down the tree."

In the preparations for Tuba-fishing, the name of the fish cannot be spoken, but another word agreed upon is substituted for it. "This concealment of the truth," they believe, "deceives all the bats, birds, and insects, which are always keen to report to the fish all the sayings and doings of men, and, as Tuba has not been mentioned, no warning can be given." But the utterance of a personal name may be fraught with an unknown and deadly peril. This invests it with great importance, and the naming of a chief's son is celebrated with elaborate ceremonies, ending with a great feast. As no white man, so far as our knowledge goes, had ever been present on one of these occasions before Dr. Furness, his detailed account has a peculiar importance. The name is changed to suit the varying conditions in their lives. A man gave him as a reason for taking a new name that he had been " 'so sick that the evil spirits were trying to make my soul wander away from my body [and here his voice dropped to a whisper]; so I changed my name; now they will not know where to find me.' He looked furtively on all sides, as if afraid that the trick would be overheard by the spirits." The birds and animals are in league with the evil spirits —"to a Kayan there are no such things as beneficent spirits"—and it is essential to the success of any undertaking that the omens should be auspicious. The flight of a bird or its chirp on the left instead of the right of the path will put a stop to the building of a house. They will give up the cultivation of a rice field if on going to it they chance to see a certain deer or snake. The color of a pig's liver may be a sentence of death to some chief. It was with the greatest difficulty and only by the exercise of remarkable tact, that the British Resident, Dr. Charles Hose, brought the expeditions described by Dr. Furness to a successful issue by prevailing upon the natives for once to disregard the warnings of omen birds and beasts. The daily occupations cease; they neither leave their houses themselves nor allow strangers to enter, for days together, while waiting for a favorable omen, as, for instance, the sight of a certain hawk.

Our author is unusually happy in his references to the children, who, in his life-like pictures of them, appear to differ only in outward circumstances from their civilized brothers and sisters. Very attractive is his account of a favorite pastime of the young girls:

"It was a sort of game of tag that they were always playing, only, instead of one chasing all, all chased one, and this one would get off some little distance from the rest and then suddenly disappear under water. Then the chase begins. All swim as fast as they can to the spot where she had vanished, some swimming with a rapid overhand stroke, while others swam entirely under the water. Then, possibly still in front of them, possibly far behind, up bobbed the girl who was *'it,'* shaking the water from her eyes and giving a shout of derision at her pursuers. Down she went again, and the chase was renewed, all under water, so long, sometimes, that the surface of the river became perfectly smooth, and no one would have imagined that in another moment it would be again bubbling up and dashed into spray by a crowd of laughing, shouting, black-haired, merry girls."

In the last chapters of a book far too short Dr. Furness tells of a visit to the Punans, a nomadic jungle tribe, and of a fishing expedition, a sport in which all, old and young, men and women, join.

Though Dr. Furness has described his forest friends as a most amiable people, and some of the photographs of the natives show much intelligence and character, it must not be supposed that he is silent as to their defects. What shadow can be darker than this which falls across his picture of this honest, hospitable, gentle race? Among them "there is no such thing as unselfish love. . . . Their lives are almost as purely individual and selfish as are the examples Nature sets before them at every turn in the jungle." And "deep-seated in the heart of the joyous, child-like Borneans there reigns in their bosoms, true to their jungle home, an inextinguishable yearning for a head not their own. Nevertheless, I like them."

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BOOKS OF PICTURES.

*Old English Masters*, Engraved by Timothy Cole. With Historical Notes by John C. Van Dyke and Comments by the Engraver. The Century Co. 1902.

*Pictures in the Wallace Collection.* By Frederick Miller. London: C. Arthur Pearson; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

*The Deserted Village.* By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A. Harper & Bros. 1902.

*World Pictures:* Being a Record in Color by Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: R. H. Russell. 1902.

*Done in the Open:* Drawings by Frederic Remington. With an Introduction and Verses by Owen Wister. R. H. Russell. 1902.

*The Social Ladder:* Drawings by Charles Dana Gibson. R. H. Russell. 1902.

These half-dozen books are essentially picture-books, not illustrated books. The text varies in importance from Goldsmith's classic poem and Mr. Van Dyke's seriously written "notes" to the mere line of legend beneath Gibson's drawings; but in each case save one the text is there only because the pictures first existed, and it is the text which illustrates, more or less well, the pictures, not the pictures which illustrate the text. Even in the one case where the drawings are illustrations of a preëxistent piece of literature, it is made quite evident that the illustrations are the thing in the present edition, and that the text is republished only as a vehicle for them.

Mr. Cole's engravings after 'Old English Masters' are as beautiful, artistically, as his former work after Italian and Dutch painters, and as far from justifying the claim of superior authenticity which his admirers persistently make for them. Mr. Van Dyke makes it again in the preface to the present volume in terms which it is worth while to examine. His first contention is, that "there has yet to be devised a mechanical process that will render the exact values of tones like the lines of the graver," and that color-values "no lens will determine so accurately as the human eye." He is not content, however, with the claim that wood-engraving makes up in truth of tone what it loses in truth of form, but maintains that it has both kinds of truth. He goes on to say: "Moreover, the excellencies that lie in the photograph the engraver already possesses. His picture is always photographed upon the block, and it is upon this block-photograph that he works. Indeed, it is no inconsiderable part of his craft nowadays to amend the faults of the photograph—to add where it omits, and to modify where it distorts"; so that engraving is more accurate, even in form, than the photograph. And yet it is art, too, and "the engraver is an individuality, not a machine; and if he have the artistic sense, he may be a translator, an interpreter."

The idea that because an engraver works upon a photograph, he therefore retains all its virtues as an accurate copy, is little less than absurd; witness any illustrator who has ever been engraved. Did Mr. Van Dyke ever see a tracing, made even by an experienced artist, and will he maintain that such a tracing has all the virtues of the original? It is not even true that engravings after paintings are more accurate in their values than the best photographs. Color values cannot be accurately registered at all in black and white, but the best modern photographs and photographic productions come nearer to rendering them than any engraver has ever done. Wood engraving gives a much richer tone and a more agreeable surface than mechanical process, and is more pleasing to look at, but it is *not* authentic, and no student would ever base any opinion of the original upon a wood-engraving. A passage in Mr. Cole's notes on the engraving after Constable's "Hay Wain" shows plainly that he himself is perfectly aware of the interpretative and artistic nature of his labors. He says:

"I engraved the picture . . . in as bold a manner as I could command, because I wanted each line to print up as fat and full as possible, as I felt by this means I might arrive at something analogous to the rich and unctuous coloring characteristic of the original. Much that was in the original had, of course, to be sacrificed, . . . whole legions of details are ruthlessly swept away. . . . And thus it is with all art: sacrifice is the rule. Art lives by sacrifice."

What Mr. Cole has produced, then, is a series of works of art in wood-engraving based upon other works of art in paint. As such they are magnificent, and no other man has produced their like for richness of tone and beauty of effect, while as interpretations, in another medium, of the characteristic forms of certain painters they have very great merit.

Apart from the aberrations of this preface, Mr. Van Dyke's text is very good—well thought out and clearly written—though, of course, no other critic would agree with all of it. The chapters on Reynolds and Gainsborough are especially good, and yet he seems to us slightly to underrate the latter painter. He is inclined to depreciate Constable a little, and to minimize his influence on the modern French school, and, we think, to misunderstand Turner and to misstate the reasons of the lack of appeal of that strange genius to many artists. He considers Constable a realist and Turner a creator, and seems to think the indictment against the latter is that his work is untrue. Now it is not because Turner's work is untrue to local fact, or even to natural law, that many of us cannot greatly like him—Claude and Nicolas Poussin, whom we admire, were untrue also—but because his imagination seems to us feverish and theatrical rather than broad and tranquil, his style operatic rather than symphonic, his technique audacious and effective rather than sound. But the work of Turner is too big a subject to be dealt with here, and we shall return to it later in reviewing Sir Walter Armstrong's great book.

'Pictures in the Wallace Collection' gives us twenty collotype reproductions by the Autotype Company, printed in a sepia tone, of paintings of more or less merit by well-known artists. Some of them, like Hals's "Laughing Cavalier" and De Hooch's "Interior with Woman and Boy," are of almost the first rank. The one Gainsborough, his "Mrs. Robinson" (Perdita), is of his most charming work, and one of the two Reynoldses is the beautiful "Nelly O'Brien." On the other hand, we have three of the sensual sentimentalities of Greuze where one would be amply sufficient, and the popular character of the work is similarly accented by the three Meissoniers, only one of which is of his best, and by the Horace Vernet and the Delaroche. The admirable reproduction of the De Hooch is an example of how superior to engraving mechanical process can be, even in the rendering of tone and light and air.

Mr. Abbey was ever peculiarly at home in the eighteenth century, and Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' gives him an opportunity exactly suited to his great and delicate talent. Some of us, perhaps, will never like anything else quite so well as his drawings to the 'Old Songs' and 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but this is probably a matter of sentiment and association. At any rate, we shall like these better than his illustrations to Shakspere, where the dramatic demands were too much for him or for any man. The nature of his art is distinctly idyllic, and in an idyll like this he is at his best, with his old daintiness and charm and character and gentle humor. It is all the more to be regretted that the book-making is not worthy of the literature and the art. The red cover and gilt edges give us pause at the outset, and the staring likeness of the artist, from a photograph, strikes a jarring and discordant note. The heavily coated paper, which may have been necessary for the reproduction of the pen-drawings, is used also for the letter-press, and the badly arranged page and ugly, fantastic type all tend to increase a sense of discomfort which is like that of trying to listen to Mozart with a clatter of tinware in the next room. The Harpers should really treat Mr. Abbey better, for he is one of their most valuable possessions.

Mr. Menpes has gone around the world to produce the hundred full-page plates, many of them in colors, and the hundreds of little sketches in the text, which make the principal interest of 'World Pictures,' and yet the results are singularly similar and not a little monotonous. He has been everywhere, and the pictures he has brought back might almost have been done anywhere. They are little bits, pleasant enough to look at, rather common in color (which may be the fault of the reproduction), not very interesting in composition or line, and seldom of great or celebrated subjects. The pleasantly garrulous text is said to be by Dorothy Menpes, and her hand may have held the pen, but the voice, with its "I did this" and "I painted that," is surely the voice of Mr. Menpes himself. The book reads like a prolonged interview, and, like enough, that is what it is.

In his introduction to 'Done in the Open,' Mr. Wister calls Remington an "historian," and says of him that he "is not merely an artist; he is a national treasure." Let us call him an "historical painter," and admit frankly that, as such, he is more likely to be valued by posterity than most of those who have assumed to themselves that name. His vigorous art, not without a touch of brutality befitting its subjects, has recorded an epoch much as Mr. Wister has himself done it in his "historical novel," 'The Virginian'; and the fast-vanishing types of Indian and scout and cowboy will live for our successors in his drawings. He has little sense of beauty, and for his work he does not need it. He is not a decorator or an artist for art's sake, but an illustrator, in the larger sense of the word; and his illustrations of a time and

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a region will be of the utmost value to the future historian. Mr. Maxfield Parrish has recently shown us that there is material in the arid West for another and a more purely æsthetic art; but a good thing of one kind does not make a good thing of another kind less good. Mr. Wister's obligato of scraps of verse will not add to his reputation.

Mr. Gibson's drawings, too, will have an historical value some day, as will all faithful records of the present, though his record contains less truth and more beauty than Remington's. It is the habit to call such work as his "caricature," but the word is to be admitted as just only if it is allowed to connote exaggeration in either direction, for his young men and maidens are as much handsomer than their prototypes as many of his old men and women are uglier than those one commonly meets with. His present set of drawings has more background than some that have preceded it, and will give more idea to the coming student of the *milieu* of his characters than he has sometimes deigned to do, but it has rather less of costume. The student will be taught that American girls of the beginning of the twentieth century were magnificent creatures, and he will learn what a "pompadour" looks like, but he will often be reduced to wonder how their garments were made, or whether, in evening dress, they wore any other than what used to be called a "slip." For the rest, Mr. Gibson's skill of rendering is as great as ever, and his "studies of expression" are, many of them, admirable.

## NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

*Captain Macklin.* By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Whom the Gods Destroyed.* By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The White Wolf*, and Other Fireside Tales. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Scribners.

*The Earth and the Fulness Thereof.* By Peter Rosegger. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

'Captain Macklin' is a swashbuckling story of a nice lad whose Irish descent supplies probability for his devotion to "the sex" and for his passion for indiscriminate soldiering. It is the most natural thing in the world to find him campaigning in Central America after West Point has proved inhospitable to his ideas on the subject of hops without leave. No one can handle a Honduras revolution more entertainingly than Mr. Davis, who keeps the reader interested in his young hero and his young hero's heroes—boys of all ages, but alike in their enthusiasm for fighting, with a leaning to fighting on freedom's side. Extravaganza and romance are blended into a beguiling story. The turn given to the love interest is not the least fresh feature in a story that is throughout fresh and spicy.

Miss Daskam's story-book ranges far and wide, from ghosts to drunkards, from poets to librarians. She is at her best, and her best is excellent, in those stories which touch on the extremes of her gamut, where realism is tinged with supernaturalism, as in "A Wind Flower," the most perfect of the group. Here a spindling Maine girl and the Storm Wind join hands almost Hawthorne-wise, affording the reader no shock save one of acquiescence. The Poorhouse Woman, too, half daft because she cannot believe in the Holy Ghost, is the subject of another story that opens tellingly with a bit of sordid detail work, and ends in a half-mystic gleam. The "Ghost Story" is well founded, though rather involved in the telling; and what a strange thing to give the names Darby and Joan to two men friends! "Twilight Guests," wholly a dream sketch, is wishy-washy, while feebleness marks "A Bayard of Broadway" and "A Little Brother of the Books," both dealing with the real unmitigated by the probable. The remaining stories, of the drunken pianist and of the frustrated poet, are original, but not so harmoniously constructed as the best of the others. The title of one, "When Pippa Passed," reveals itself in the end as a pun.

In his book of "Fireside Tales," Mr. Quiller-Couch too roams far and wide, from the palfrey and gerfalcon romance to the modern railway episode. Of all his fields of activity we still delight most in his Cornwall. Smooth and trained as his speech always is, he betrays, or so we fancy, less and less of naturalness in his handling of a topic the farther it strays from his inimitable Cornish coast. This may be a survival of our admiration of "Q's" earliest work, or it may be the old story of the man who never can escape from his first successes, even though he excels them. Be it as it may, we persist in chiefly enjoying such company as the old fisherman who says: "Here you be for the sake of argument, a Christian man, and in beauty next door to the angels, and the only use you make of it is to steal groceries"; and the smuggling Captain who delivers himself of this bit of political economy: "I read my Bible and it says that Cæsar ordered the whole world to be taxed. Now that is sense. Cæsar didn't go niggling away with a duty on silk here and another on brandy there and another on tea and another on East Indy calicoes. Mind you, I've got no personal feeling against King George; but it does annoy me to see a man calling himself King of England and making money in these petty ways." Their society is to us sweeter than that of the squires and ladies, ghosts and plain citizens, or even than that of the dwellers hard by Borneo. There is not one tale without its adroitness of invention, nor one that does not plainly testify to the writer's gift of expression; but several there are that are made unwieldy by being told as tales within tales, and at least one that reads like a conscious reflection of Kipling. For Kipling, most readers prefer to go to Kipling.

Peter Rosegger's Styrian romance, well translated by Frances E. Skinner, is straight from the heart of a man and from the lap of Mother Earth. Not since 'On the Heights' caught the reading public away into the upper lands of rustic living have we been transported so entirely into a peasant world above the valleys. A modern touch, naturally absent from Auerbach's masterly work, is infused into Rosegger's by his plan of telling the story through the letters of a journalist who, on a wager, has taken service for a year with a peasant farmer. All that he learned, the reader may learn too; he will find it suggestive reading indeed, rousing wonder at the extent and variety of knowledge a peasant must possess in order to manage a mountain farm; wrath at the restrictions that hamper and crush him; aversion to his sordidness; pity at his superstitions; joy in sharing the deliciousness of mountains and forests; interest in the characters and customs of a community good and bad like others, but real, genuine, undiluted, for good or evil. That the family with whom our journalist spent his year was exceptional he admits, yet we find nothing impossible in Adam of Adamshaus, with his childlike simplicity and his unswerving optimism; certainly nothing impossible in his wife, blustering over small trials, turning gentle in great crises, nor in the exquisite portrait of the daughter. The self-appointed farm-hand tells his story admirably, stirring the reader as he himself is stirred by the curses and the blessings of peasant life, with Nature often and society usually against him—at all events in Styria.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Of the season's nonsense books for the young, 'The Pete and Polly Stories,' by Carolyn Wells, cleverly illustrated by Fanny Young Cory (A. C. McClurg & Co.), sustain the writer's reputation as a humorist of the house of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, with a Carolyn Wells personal equation added. If read aloud, a chapter at a time, this book will be equally amusing to child and reader. 'The Golliwoggs' Airship' (Longmans, Green & Co.), versified by Bertha Upton and "pictured" by Florence K. Upton, relates the ballooning experiences of those former friends of childhood, the Golliwogg and his four wooden doll friends. The adventures are amusing and startling, and the pictures duly representative of Golliwoggs and wooden folk. It occurs to the adult reader that an age of entire sympathy with jointed dolls may need explanation of some of the lines. However, in balloon stories especially, striving after the difficult is quite in order. 'Coquo and the King's Children,' by Cornelia Baker, illustrated in color from original drawings by Lucy Fitch Perkins (McClurg), is also of the nonsense family—prose nonsense this, and an account of the travels of two children and the Court Jester, with sundry companions met on the way. The absurdities are quite enjoyable enough to make one sorry that Coquo should be a real punster, such as one meets in comic opera. However, the children may not notice all his iniquities in that respect, and in all others he is a capital fellow, in whom they will delight, as well as in the two children, in the little queen evolved from a potato, and in the wonderful resources of the enchanted green stone house. The illustrations are graceful in design, and, by comparison with much process color work, delicately attractive. 'Grimm Tales Made Gay,' by Guy Wetmore Carryl, with pictures by Albert Levering (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), can be included among children's books only on the score of being amusing. True, the youthful ear might well be caught by the jingling versification, but for the elders will be reserved the fullest enjoyment of the ingenious perversions of our childhood favorites, and in particular of the quite inimitable "Morals." The black and white illustrations, roughly humorous in character, not inappropriately recall early German caricature.

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Nonsense enters into 'Sing a Song of Sixpence: Another Lost Legend' (Boston: George H. Ellis & Co.), but it is by way of the illustrations, eight in number, by Edward Lear, new to collectors, we believe, and now first published. They would be accepted frankly by the youngsters if mated with the nursery rhyme alone; but here there is an attempt to elucidate the rhyme by a half-serious prose invention. The resulting incongruity enhances the humor for adults; what children would make of it must be tested by experience.

'Prince Silverwings' and the accompanying fairy tales by Mrs. Carter Harrison (McClurg) are poetic, telling of princesses and cloud-maidens and such good company. The colored illustrations, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, are charmingly refined in line and conception; the whole volume a handsome one. Little, Brown & Co. publish Katharine Pyle's 'In the Green Forest,' which she herself furnishes with illustrations in black and white, both full-page and in the text. Story and drawings are of a good fairy-tale kind, full of green and winged things, with a plenty of adventure and obstacle before the fairy Red Cap really reaches the Sun Queen and learns magic from her. *Nous autres* may be pained to learn that there is a higher authority on magic than even the Fairy Queen, but the tale is pretty reading. From the same publishing house comes, in sumptuous attire, William Dana Orcutt's 'Princess Kallisto, and Other Tales of the Fairies'; the colored illustrations, gay poppies, beguiling children, soft-tinted marginal drawings by Harriette Amsden. Mr. Orcutt's statement, in his "foreword," that "the wonderful results of the present kindergarten work have emphasized with remarkable clearness the important part which stories play in a child's early life," may make some captious old folk smile as they reflect what a ministering angel Maria Edgeworth was when Froebel lay howling. Further, what would Froebel and the Nature teachers say to Mr. Orcutt's story of the ants being lazy noblemen who are condemned to toil in colonies till they shall have learned to work? And what becomes of kindergarten principles in a sentence like this from the story of the wicked enchanter: "It would not make a nice story at all to tell you about the many evil things which Kron had done, *so you must try not to think about them*"? The stories in the main are pleasing and thoughtful, freighted each with a little cargo of suggestion to the imagination or the moral sense.

No appeal to the imagination is hazarded in 'Six and Twenty Boys and Girls,' pictured by John Hassall, with verses by Clifton Bingham' (London: Blackie; New York: Scribner). An alphabet of good and bad children are held up to cautionary or emulating view, with an absence of subtlety that Gradgrind himself must have applauded. The full-page, highly colored portraits of just and unjust are equally explicit—both, here and there, to the point of roughness. Admonitory literature for small children is so rare in these times that this work may be commended to the parents of children with faults of manner or custom for its warnings and its examples.

'Red Folk and Wild Folk,' the illustrations (both in colors and in black and white) by Edwin Willard Deming, the Indian folk-lore stories for children by Therese O. Deming (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), will charm young children by its gay coloring and large type, while all who care for Indian legend and animal stories will find a peculiar interest in this collection of stories, their almost crude simplicity bearing witness to their pedigree. It is instructive to find again the Rabbit outwitting man.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. comes Nora Archibald Smith's 'Three Little Marys,' a Scotch, an English, and an Irish, making a very good trio of stories for little girls, characteristic of the three nationalities, interesting without pretence. Three full-page black-and-white illustrations with a colored cover complete the outfit of this little volume. 'The Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe,' by Gertrude Smith, illustrated by E. Mars and M. H. Squire, come from Harper & Brothers. The vivid pictures are rather fretty with over-detail, but in the child-lover's spirit. The story, beautifully printed, of the every-day doings of three little children would be a suitable one for extreme youth save for the ludicrous overloading with endearing adjectives whenever any one, but particularly whenever Janey, heaves in sight. The dears, beautifuls, lovables, preciouses, that pepper the pages are quite beyond reason. When Janey says to the robin: "I am Janey Monroe, you know, and my little heart is full of love," and when the robin's answering "chee! chee! chee!" is explained to mean, "You see that I am not afraid, precious Janey," it seems almost time to take precautions against sweets between meals. Another blemish is the constant trick of beginning paragraphs with, "And," as if to put the narrative on a Biblical pedestal.

For larger children and, indeed, as the dedication says, "for all those who love children and dogs," is offered, by the Macmillan Co., Mabel Osgood Wright's 'Dogtown,' with many photographic portraits from life, human and canine, by the author. There is more than dog story in this entertaining volume—there is dog-learning; nor is it surprising to find woodland and bird lore as well filtering through the pages. A mild love interest adds little to the merits of the book, and the small boy Tommy's sweethearting is artificial. It is difficult to imagine a boy of six calling a girl of eighteen "a kind of flower fairy," or saying, "I don't think looks matters much. If you just like things you see 'em all right." Anne is better, and the dogs are entirely delightful, made alive and personal as only the closest intimacy of knowledge and understanding could make them.

'Ten Girls from Dickens,' by Kate Dickinson Sweetser, illustrated by George Alfred Williams (J. F. Taylor & Co.), furnishes the extracted and condensed histories of the Marchioness, Little Nell, and eight others, told as far as possible in the great original's language. A black-and-white full-page illustration accompanies each one—the cover and the frontispiece are especially good—and the whole is a beautiful piece of bookmaking.

'Young George, His Life,' told and drawn by Edith Farmiloe (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), presents in colored full-page illustrations, each one confronted with a line of text, the pitiful status of a "little father" of the London slums, his family, his responsibilities, his fights, his occasional amusements. For the adult it is pathetic with its effective drawings; but there are pages—such as those relating to the drinking mother—which are not suited to children.

'What a Girl Can Make and Do,' by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard (Charles Scribner's Sons), is seen to be every variety of handiwork from carpentry to basket-weaving, and all sorts of amusements indoors and out. Girls should surely be greatly pleased with this book. Its full and clear instructions and illustrations should put them in possession of a thousand resources for keeping fingers and minds entertainingly busy.

## BROWNING AND TENNYSON.

*The Poetry of Robert Browning.* By Stopford Brooke, M.A. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1902.

The title of the first chapter of this book, "Browning and Tennyson," suggests the historic twinship among great authors, as in the case of Homer and Æschylus, Virgil and Horace, Dante and Petrarch, Shakespere and Milton, Voltaire and Rousseau, Goethe and Schiller, Emerson and Hawthorne. As the Greek saying has it, "Nature's dice are always loaded," and they are sure to fall in pairs. It is doubtful if either of the two poets in the present case has before had a critic so thoughtful and judicial as Mr. Brooke. Of the two, his Browning book seems the abler, partly because the breadth and variety of Browning open up a greater width of theme than the slenderer and more fastidious muse of Tennyson. The impression given in this book is that, on the whole, Browning is the author's favorite of the two. He recognizes clearly from the beginning that Browning had always freshness and Tennyson had not; that Tennyson was conventional and clung to a caste, while Browning was much more a man of the world, and at the same time free as to his poems; that Tennyson inherited something of the sentimental strain of the period just before him, while Browning was absolutely himself; that Tennyson was wholly English, while Browning was much more European in his associations and materials, though his temperament was English and "his roughness of form was positively early Teutonic" (p. 31). Tennyson, moreover, "is never impressionist, and never could have been," while Browning, "who had in long poems done the very opposite of impressionism, had also in a number of short poems anticipated impressionist art by nearly forty years. 'Porphyria's Lover,' many a scene in 'Sordello,' 'My Last Duchess,' 'The Laboratory,' 'Home Thoughts from Abroad,' are only a few out of many" (p. 10).

Mr. Brooke thus sums up the essential difference between the two poets:

"He [Browning] strove to paint the whole. It was a bold ambition. Few have fulfilled it so well. None, since Shakespeare, have had a wider range. His portraiture of life was so much more varied than that of Tennyson, so much more extensive and detailed, that on this side he excels Tennyson; but such portraiture is not necessarily poetic, and, when it is fond of the complex, it is always in danger of tending to prose. . . . He loses the poetic turn of the thing of which he writes, and what he produces is not better than rhythmical prose. Again and again Browning fell into that misfortune; and it is a

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strange problem how a man who was in one part of his nature a great poet, could, under the sway of another, cease to be a poet. At this point his inferiority to Tennyson as a poet is plain. Tennyson scarcely ever wrote a line which was not unmistakably poetry, while Browning could write pages which were unmistakably not poetry" (pp. 44, 45).

Mr. Brooke adverts to that theory, of which Lowell was so fond, that Browning had Jewish elements if not in his blood, yet in his intellect, spirit, and character, and concludes that he was "a complex creature," whereas Tennyson was not complex. He notes that Browning's love of color was far more intense than that of Tennyson, and that sometimes, as Ruskin says, "it is not color, it is conflagration"; but it is at any rate an essential part of Browning. Browning, he thinks, comprehended women far better. Tennyson could deal with a few simple well-known types, of both good and bad women; but Browning, in describing women, "touched great variety and great individuality"; "each of his women is distinct from the rest." "He neither lowered her, nor idealized her beyond natural humanity, . . . and he has wrought this out, not by elaborate statement of it in a theory, as Tennyson did in 'The Princess,' with a conscious patronage of womanhood, but by unconscious representation of it in the multitude whom he invented" (pp. 346, 348). It is to be noticed, however, that Mr. Brooke's criticisms on Browning's women are among those passages over which the reader of this book will be most tempted to doubt his author's judgment. In dealing with the strong picture of the wanton Ottima in "Pippa Passes" (p. 331), or the poor sinful child Mildred in 'The Blot in the 'Scutcheon' (p. 338), we venture to think that Browning knew what he was drawing far more profoundly than his critic. Again, we should dissent from the opinion that Balaustion was, among women, "the finest creature Browning drew" (p. 389). Mr. Brooke paints admirably the steady lessening of the imagination and steady increase of the intellectual element in Browning (p. 415), and thinks that it had begun even while he was at work on 'The Ring and the Book,' yet points out the exceptional charm and power of a few of these later occasional poems, as "Hervé Riel" and "Pheidippides," while he justly finds some of them "needlessly ugly," as "Halbert and Hob" (p. 433). In the greater part of "Parleyings with Certain People" "imagination such as belongs to a poet has deserted Browning" (p. 435). Mr. Brooke truly says, in summing up his poet's total service:

"He kept, in the midst of a fretful, slothful, wailing world, where prophets like Carlyle and Ruskin were as impatient and bewildered, as lamenting and despondent as the decadents they despised, the temper of his Herakles in 'Balaustion.' He left us that temper as his last legacy, and he could not have left us a better thing" (p. 440).

As a rule, it may be said that, if we recognize Mr. Brooke's own distinction between the imaginative and intellectual in Browning, his critic finds himself most at home in the intellectual, less in the imaginative, and least of all in the domain of emotion. Thus, his analysis of the powerful poem "Caliban" is so profound as to leave nothing to be desired, but in dealing with the much-discussed "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," Mr. Brooke is quite shy and self-distrustful, and almost inclined to think that his poet merely put odds and ends together aimlessly, which certainly was not Browning's way (p. 276). Mr. Brooke quotes "Meeting at Night—Parting at Morning" rather as if they were pleasant little verses in the corner of a village newspaper, instead of being, as they are, strains so concentrated and so perfect as to be likely to live as long and prove as inexhaustible as Sappho's Ode.

We should be doing injustice to Mr. Brooke's rich and thoughtful style if we did not quote his closing words:

"As if the Muse of Poetry wished to adorn the image of his death, he passed away amid a world of beauty, and in the midst of a world endeared to him by love. Italy was his second country. In Florence lies the wife of his heart. In every city he had friends, friends not only among men and women, but friends in every ancient wall, in every fold of Apennine and Alp, in every breaking of the blue sea, in every forest of pines, in every church and palace and town hall, in every painting that great art had wrought, in every storied marketplace, in every great life which had adorned, honored, and made romantic Italy—the great mother of Beauty, at whose breasts have hung, and whose milk have sucked, all the arts and all the literatures of modern Europe. Venice saw and mourned his death. The sea and sky and mountain glory of the city he loved so well encompassed him with her beauty; and their soft, graciousness, their temperate power of joy and life, made his departure peaceful. Strong and tender in life, his death added a new fairness to his life. Mankind is fortunate to have so noble a memory, so full and excellent a work, to rest upon and love."

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*Illustrations of the Book of Job.* In twenty-one plates invented and engraved by William Blake, Author of Designs to "Blair's Grave," "Young's Night Thoughts," etc. London: Published by the Author, 3 Fountain Court, Strand, and Mr. J. Linnell, 6 Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square. March, 1826.

[One thousand copies issued in facsimile by J. M. Dent & Co., London, and G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1902.]

The latest important work of William Blake was that entitled as above. Linnell was not a publisher in the usual sense of the word, but rather an artist, a hard-working and sucessful painter, who had employed Blake, or encouraged him in this and in other artistic enterprises. Linnell was guided thereto, as it would appear, partly by pure desire to aid a struggling brother artist, partly by that worthy ambition to cause artistic work to be produced which, as a man of feeling at once and of mental energy, he showed throughout his long life. What he thought of Blake's work it is not easy to ascertain; but his actions were such as would do credit to a richer and to a more influential man than Linnell ever was, and he was able to leave to succeeding generations a series of works by the more imaginative man, by the exceptional artist, Blake; works having a stronger hold than Linnell's own on the graver attention of posterity. For in reality there has never been an artist, whose works are known to us, so entirely alone in art, so absolutely apart from any school or the influence of any tradition. To call him a religious painter-engraver is to lead the student astray, because there is no close observance in his work of any Christian traditions, whether artistic or liturgical; and only a general, laic, Protestant Bible-reader's view of Old Testament records. To call him an artist of strong and pure imagination is to exaggerate the importance of his work, because he dealt rather with grotesque exaggeration, such as was excited in his mind by half-gained knowledge and half-understood dreams. To call him an artist of sentiment, of that universal human feeling which is found in the fine art of words even more freely than in the arts of color and form, is to ignore much the greater part of his mental life, namely, its mystical side; whereas, to call him a mystic is to ignore the fact that his rejection of realism proceeded from impatient indifference to what most artists think essential to their art, rather than from a deliberate attempt to reveal or discuss mysteries. Every student of his life is entitled to his own and a separate and distinct view of the combination, in Blake's mental condition, of a kind of insanity with imaginative power and with the tendency to fanciful excess. It might be held with, perhaps, equal plausibility that, if he drew the figure very badly, it was because he could not see it rightly, had never learned its true character, and was, therefore, presumptuous in drawing the figure at all; and, on the other hand, that his spirit was full of visions which crowded one another so closely that there was no time or mental grasp sufficient to see each one clearly, and that he was far too sincere and too direct in his moral aim to spend time in rectifying his drawing or solidifying his composition.

The experience of art-students is usually that they care most for Blake when they are young, and as yet not greatly practised in their art; and yet this is not the universal experience. It would be hard to escape the impression, when some one is found very enthusiastic over the 'Book of Job' or other plates of Blake's, that as yet the greatness and the splendor of the artistic world have not quite revealed themselves to the enthusiast. In literature there is hardly the like of what William Blake was in art; and yet it may be said that there are certain mystics, certain illuminati, whose poems or unrhymed rhapsodies give more pleasure to the beginner in literature than to the veteran. So with the illustrations for the Book of Job; if one is well versed in intelligent, learned, sane, and yet powerful art, he will care less for the dreams and visions which fill these twenty-one plates. The monstrous caricature of an elephant which is used (plate 15) to stand for Behemoth will repel rather than attract, while the final plate, showing how the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning, will pass as but half-understood sentimentalism. On the other hand, no one can refuse his tribute of admiration to the design in plate 3, in which the columns and walls are falling upon the sons and the daughters of Job, while Satan presides over the destruction, balanced, as it were, upon a falling stone whose support his spiritual essence is seen not to require. And so it is with the treatment of that same Satan, occurring again and again in the plates; he is asexual, and is partly invested with scales, as if in some suggestion of a lower nature than that of man. The way in which the story is told has at once the good and evil of extreme intensity.

Concentration of horror or of peaceful

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tranquillity deliberately intended excludes other considerations. Realism, of course, is entirely remote from the conception of such designs, and yet the separate instances are treated in a realistic way; it is only their combination and their concentration into a scene that is the very reverse of real, which is purely fantastic. Thus, the runner who approaches Job and his wife with the cry, "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee," is shown in headlong race, and, however ill-drawn the limbs, and however ill-expressed the attitude and the action of running (the foot resting flat upon the ground even in the action of running), it is still reality which controls that figure. On the other hand, the presentation of Job and his wife as already overwhelmed with grief, eyes raised to heaven, and hands clasped in attitudes of despair, while still the one runner has only just reached them and the other is seen far behind, is an entirely unrealistic conception, as completely so as if it were expressly announced as a metaphorical rendering of the idea of loss and of grief.

It appears, then, that the very doubts which invest this subject and the hesitation which every art student must have as to the true place in art of the 'Book of Job,' are a sufficient reason for its reproduction. The original work is of very considerable scarcity, and of great cost. The reproduction issued by the London and the New York house and sold here at a reasonable price will be found to give nearly all the artistic value of the original plates; losing more in the brilliancy and beauty of the prints than in other ways, and therefore revealing all of Blake that there is in the designs except his merit and charm as an original engraver on metal.

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*New France and New England.* By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

It is difficult to review a posthumous book by John Fiske without saying at least one word about the author. The memory of his luminous mind and of his great learning, of his shrewd humor, and of his true simplicity, is as yet too strong to be put by. In most cases the reviewer must keep his attention fixed upon the work rather than upon its writer; but where the thought of the writer's eminence is enforced by the recentness of his death, the ordinary rule can hardly be observed in all its strictness.

There is a further reason why a reviewer of this volume should be tempted to stray from his duty of immediate and particular criticism. In a publisher's preface, it is stated "that 'New France and New England' completes the story of the settlement and development of the colonies up to the point where Mr. Fiske's 'American Revolution' has already taken up the narrative. It therefore gives a final unity to the sequence of remarkable volumes which he has devoted to American history." Here, then, one is tempted to speak of the series as a whole and of Mr. Fiske's historical methods; but such subjects, though attractive, lie beyond the scope of the present notice.

Mr. Fiske was an experienced and accomplished lecturer, as thousands of people in different parts of the country have reason to remember. His 'New France and New England' consists of ten chapters, which might be styled ten separate essays were it not for the fact that most of them are couched in lecture form and were delivered before the Lowell Institute. Personality is, on the whole, more likely to emerge during a lecture than during an essay, and almost every page is redolent of Mr. Fiske himself. His complete freedom from pretence is visible in all his writings, but nowhere more eloquently than here. He talked copiously from the fulness of knowledge, but with no affectation of learning, and his style of writing was equally spontaneous. His genuine interest in the subject of his research is reflected in the animation of his narrative.

While this latest of Mr. Fiske's writings bears genuine marks of his quality, we cannot pretend that we think it by any means the best of his works. To some the title may bring disappointment, for in the contents one finds no systematic attempt to examine the relations of New France and New England, to point a contrast between divergent political systems, or to delineate the successive phases of national rivalry. The first four chapters are given to the historical geography of New France, the fifth to Salem witchcraft, the sixth to the 'Great Awakening' produced by Jonathan Edwards, the seventh to Norridgewock and Louisburg, and the last three to the Seven Years' War. Thus geography and war get most of the text, with witchcraft and Jonathan Edwards thrown in; yet in the whole book there is hardly a word of Frontenac, and no account is given of his policy towards New England.

We feel very certain that, had Mr. Fiske lived longer, his final account of the duel between France and England in America would have possessed greater unity than can be claimed by the book with which we are now dealing. Perhaps a little more care might have been shown regarding points of detail. However, the main thing is that the studies in question exist and have been published. The four chapters on French exploration form a little series at the beginning, and the three chapters on the Seven Years' War make a group by themselves at the end—a group to which the story of Pepperell's expedition against Louisburg may fitly be added. In the middle come the articles on Salem witchcraft and the religious revival in New England. For our own part we must say that we prefer the chapters which treat of life in New England. They seem fresher, although the subjects themselves are well worn, and they show a firmer grasp of the material. The chapters on New France are at the disadvantage of following in the track of Parkman, and there is little to indicate that Mr. Fiske had made a special study of Canadian history. He is much interested in the Indians and the *voyageurs*, but the development of the colony is put altogether to one side.

Mr. Fiske was essentially a humanist in the broader and higher sense of that term. Although the problems of philosophy and science appealed to him deeply, he cared quite as much for the concrete, and did not divorce his intellectual interests from the ordinary affairs of mankind. The depth and quickness of his sympathies go far towards accounting for his success as a popular historian. He was not above being clear and simple, nor did he shrink from putting into his books what the average reader cares to hear about. For perorations and other rhetorical tricks he cared little, but, when touched by the spectacle of such torments as the poor victims of Salem suffered, he could use language of unwonted fervor: "We can but faintly imagine what must have been the destruction of confidence, the breaking of the dearest ties, the madness, the reign of savage terror; and we cannot be too grateful that the gaunt spectre which stalked so long over the fairest parts of earth has at length been exorcised forever!"

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*John Mackenzie,* South African Missionary and Statesman. By W. Douglas Mackenzie, M.A., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1902. Pp. xii., 564, portrait.

The appearance at the present time of this biography is singularly opportune. South Africa is to be "settled," Mr. Chamberlain is on his way as settler, and it is here made clear that he, of all English statesmen, had best secured and held the esteem of the subject of this book. In their views of the needs of the case they essentially agreed. Mackenzie was an imperialist of a class which we do not always quite understand or exactly distinguish. For him imperialism meant the supremacy of the central government—federalism we might call it. His ideas upon it were largely modelled on the treatment by this country of its Territories, and also affected by the problems and results of our civil war. He saw that the greatest difficulty in South Africa lay in the rapidly growing colored population; he was in fact the first to note that rapid increase. Further, he recognized that no white pioneer class could be trusted to act fairly by "natives." They would make of them a subject race, whether slaves in name or not. Yet, for him at least, the races of South Africa were worth saving, must and could be saved. To accomplish that and bridge the gulf for them to self-government—protecting them on the way from being exploited by whites—he advised simple protectorates (using their tribal chiefs) and crown colonies. The last, oddly enough, he compared with our Territorial government. So he fought, and successfully, the incorporation of Bechuanaland into Cape Colony, the spread of Dutch rule—which meant always an enslaved black race with no rights against a white man—and the jurisdiction and system of the British South African Company.

His difficulties were great and of a strange kind. It is hardly credible, and yet this book makes it plain, how little English politicians less than twenty years ago thought and knew about South Africa. They had no interest in it, would not be troubled with it; nothing could be made of it. So they were driven on without a policy, refusing to see either opportunity or duty. To open the eyes of the English to this problem, one to which they were bound to come sooner or later, was Mackenzie's public work. In it he was only partly successful. Entire success would have prevented the Boer war; entire failure would have meant the enslavement of all

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the native races. Yet, considering the English attitude, it is rather wonderful that he accomplished so much. Their timidity—so strangely contrasting with present high hands and mailed fists—ran back to a feeling that the mass of the new democracy was unreliable, fickle, and averse to any new responsibilities, and the fear of that democracy was upon them all. That a democracy could be imperialistic never entered their heads or certainly their convictions. Mr. John Morley, of whose honesty Mackenzie thought highly, said frankly: "I grant yours is far the nobler position and begets more worthy and chivalrous feelings"; but yet he rated it impossible. Froude's attitude was still more and cynically hopeless. Mr. W. E. Forster, on the other hand, was with him throughout. With Mr. Rhodes and his kind of imperialism he could have no sympathy; commercialism and money power could, for him, found no true state. He regarded Rhodes as pursuing an essentially double course, Dutch with the Dutch and imperialistic with the English. Of Mr. Gladstone he and his biographer have significantly little to say. It is perfectly clear what Mackenzie thought of Mr. Gladstone's South African policy, but the halo round the figure of the great Liberal leader is still too bright for an English Nonconformist to dare to speak out. Of Disraeli there is not a single word.

This, then, is no ordinary missionary biography, but a book which must make its weight felt both as a record of the past and as a suggestion as to the future. Of defects in the treatment there are few. There might have been much fuller detail on many points, but these are surfaces under which the ashes are still glowing, and the biographer, religious especially, must step cautiously. In the large, Professor Mackenzie has accomplished his delicate task well. The admiring son is far in the background, and we have a strong picture of one man by another. And the claim of the title is fairly made out. This was both a missionary and a statesman. As both, his position may, perhaps, be best summed in the following sentences written in 1891:

"I believe I was the first to point out the possibility of the peaceful opening up of native territories under the Imperial Government, accompanied by the recognition of the rights of natives to their holdings, and by intelligent steps taken to secure those lands to their owners under the Imperial Government." (P. 454.)

"The problem in South Africa is not an easy one in any circumstances. What I fear is that her Majesty's Government is in danger of acquiescing in its own expulsion from active administration in new territories, by a few men in the Cape Colony, before there is a Confederated South African Government to which it could hand over its duties; and I am well aware that no greater calamity could possibly happen to South Africa." (P. 456.)

With imperialism of this kind we can surely have no quarrel.

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*The Last Days of the French Monarchy.* By Sophia H. MacLehose. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1901. 8vo, pp. xiv, 391.

No adequate introduction has yet been written to the history of the French Revolution. Many attempts have been made to picture the *ancien régime*, ranging from the philosophic and highly finished chapters of De Tocqueville to the most trivial of the innumerable sketches of the private life of Marie Antoinette. Many important contributions to the subject are of course available, but we still await a sound and comprehensive explanation of the French Revolution which shall satisfactorily establish the historic continuity between the old and new France. Reasons why such a work should still be wanting are not far to seek. In the first place, the very word "revolution," as Carlyle long ago warned us, is used in almost as many senses as there are writers on the theme. He himself meant by it, if we remember rightly, the upbubbling of disimprisoned anarchy, and many have accepted this definition. Sharply to be distinguished from this notion is the conception of the French Revolution as a great permanent change which separates the France of Napoleon and later times from that of the eighteenth century. The more superficial volcanic phenomena have until recently fascinated most observers. They have recorded the rumblings and the darkness, the stifling fumes and the lightning flashes. The fundamental and permanent alterations have been forgotten in the turmoil of transient disorder. It is obvious that one to whom the upbubbling of anarchy and the prevailing of the powers of darkness constitute the essence of the Revolution, should look inquiringly to the *ancien régime* for an explanation of Hébert and St. Just. The more profound student of the subject will also turn to the eighteenth century for an explanation, not, however, of an explosion, but of an enduring and fundamental political and social reorganization.

Even if writers were at one in their interpretation of the Revolution and its antecedents, they would still have to face an important inherent difficulty of their subject. It is necessary, in dealing with the *ancien régime*, to describe the conditions in France and the lot of all classes of society, from the king and his immediate companions to the peasant. At the same time, extraordinary changes which took place during the generation preceding the opening of the States-General must be even more carefully studied than the ancient political and social organization of the kingdom. Unfortunately, writers have never succeeded in doing justice to both the static and dynamic. The scholar who has best succeeded is, perhaps, Gomel, who, in his 'Histoire financière de la Révolution Francaise,' has exhibited with remarkable clarity and precision the economic conditions, the trend of public opinion, and the experiments of the ministers.

The volume in hand belongs in the same class with Lowell's excellent 'Eve of the French Revolution.' It is a popular and eminently readable account of the most striking features of the old order; for the most part, based upon unimpeachable sources. It is the first of two volumes; in the second, the author proposes to carry on her narrative from the summoning of the States-General in 1788 to the establishment of the First Republic. After a description of the royal town and all its Persian apparatus, there come three brief chapters on the administration, the privileges, and the *philosophes*. Then, with a correct instinct for discovering the real beginnings of the Revolutionary movement, the writer turns back to the Austrian Alliance, and soon introduces us to the Empress's little daughter, to whom the leading place is assigned in the succeeding pages. Marie Antoinette is treated with refreshing candor. The author frankly and fully describes the Queen's gambling and her minor indiscretions, but takes no delight in exposing the weaknesses which the loyal Madame Campan and those who accepted her judgment have been wont to conceal. Since the publication of the correspondence of honest Count Mercy with the Queen's mother and brothers, there is no longer any doubt that, in spite of the fundamental propriety of the Queen's conduct, she exercised a most malign influence upon the public policy, and justly called down the hate of the nation. The writer's account of Turgot and Necker is clear, and perhaps as adequate as could be expected under the circumstances. It is noteworthy that Calonne, the Notables, and the conduct of the Parlements during 1787-8 receive far more attention than is granted them in other popular accounts of the period. This promises well for the second volume, which will doubtless be read with pleasure by those who have profited by the first.

As one lays down the book, he cannot but reflect that, although all may be quite true that has been said, there is a certain failure to grasp the essentials in the critical situation in which France found itself. The pomp and circumstance so vividly described were in no way new, nor were the frivolity of the Queen and the embarrassments of the ministers. Several of the books which would have helped the author to a deeper insight have been omitted from the long list of authorities which she consulted. None of Babeau's admirable works except that on Paris is mentioned, nor Gomel's volumes. Even Rocquain's well-known 'Esprit Révolutionnaire' and Aubertin's 'Esprit Publique au Dix-huitième Siècle' are omitted. The author cites Loménie's 'Beaumarchais,' but not his 'Mirabeau.' Hanotaux's monograph would have prevented the repetition of the old mistake through which the establishment of the intendants is assigned to Richelieu. Lastly, the whole momentous matter of the Church is almost entirely neglected. Something can be done to rectify these deficiencies in the second volume, and the scope of the work should be broadened, if it is to include all the important phases in the regeneration of France.

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*Early Prose Writings of James Russell Lowell.* With a prefatory note by Dr. Hale of Boston, and an introduction by Walter Littlefield. John Lane.

Those who recall the latter pages of Mr. Scudder's delightful biography of Lowell can hardly have forgotten the description (vol. ii., 395) of the pains the poet took with the final revision of his prose writings, going over them all with care, "tucking in" or "erasing" whatever he wished, with his final decision that the "buccaneers" should "go hang." He did not live to see that it would not be so easy as he had supposed to inflict this penalty on the pirate class, or that his own early friends would lend countenance to the buccaneering. The book now before us contains Lowell's college prose, such as it was—and it was poor enough—and those early views of the British dramatists, printed in 'Conversations on Some of the Old Poets,' which he had re-

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fused to reprint, as wholly immature and sometimes expressing opinions retracted afterwards. Dr. Hale, in his introduction, goes over ground which he has before traversed in telling the story of Lowell's college days; and does it so hastily that he describes Lowell, as a sophomore, coming into a college room to arrange for a meeting of the "Harvard Union," which all old graduates testify to have been a society for juniors and seniors only; moreover, he gives the name of Charles *S.* Loring to the lawyer with whom Lowell studied, meaning Charles Greely Loring, one of the leaders of the Boston bar. The editor of the book, Mr. Littlefield, is so unfamiliar with the literature of that time as to rate Lowell's magazine, the *Pioneer*, as inferior to the *Boston Miscellany*, to which it was as much superior, during its brief career, as the *Atlantic* was afterwards superior to the *Pioneer* itself. He thinks Mr. Lowell fell behind Nathan Hale, editor of the earlier magazine, in not appreciating the value of the novel, although, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hale's magazine printed no novel, and Mr. Lowell's *Pioneer* began upon one in its first number. This, "The Armenian's Daughter," was contributed by his junior editor, Mr. Robert Carter, then an eccentric youth, whose main peculiarity was the construction, in imagination, of works of fiction on the most enormous scale. His main work of this kind, which he delighted to describe in detail, as being in steady progress, was to consist of twelve volumes, each as large as Eugene Sue's 'Wandering Jew,' then popular; two volumes of this mammoth work being prospectively devoted to an episode consisting of a History of the World, narrated by a hermit amid the Mountains of the Moon in Africa. Mr. Littlefield finally concludes that the once noted Nathaniel P. Willis exhibited "marvellous perception" in pronouncing Lowell to be "a very unfit editor for a periodical," although Lowell afterwards proved just the contrary in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where he had a fair field for action. Such are the vagaries of editors and biographers.

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*The Leaven in a Great City.* By Lillian W. Betts. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is an account of New York's East Side poor, impressive from the writer's intimacy with her subject, and from her attitude towards it, at once sympathetic and judicial. It begins with recalling the tenement-house agitation of 1878, inaugurated by the conference called by the State Charities Aid Association. It describes certain Fourth Ward alleys on the very lowest level of poverty and degradation; then moves on to better things—to the improvements effected by the College Settlement work, the forming of Mothers' Clubs, Working Girls' Clubs, and kindergartens; nothing extenuating as to their difficulties and hindrances. Miss Betts's knowledge of the working-girl class lends profound interest to her statement that "the inspiring fact remains that the standard of home life in ethics, as in necessities, is rising." Of moment, too, is her estimate of the great class of independent wage-earners "as far removed from the incapable, the degraded, the vicious, the dependent, the ignorant—who provide the themes for books—as far removed from the worthless, the deficient, the mentally, morally weak, so familiar to the people of wealth who give money or time, or both, to lessen their miseries, as they are in standard and ambition from the people counted wealthy." "There is no word to distinguish them from those who make capital of their poverty, and the world loses much because of the lack of a term that would express the class who are the hope of this nation, whose children are the promise of its established greatness."

For the influences making against the very poor, Miss Betts arraigns chiefly political indifference among voters, and the "divorce between the churches and the political control that makes the environment of the home and the churches." Of many eleemosynary institutions she says: "They exist because so many good people in the community have found greater pleasure in establishing and maintaining them than in working actively to prevent the growth of the condition that peoples them." The pages devoted to Col. Waring bring home this truth: "The greatest benefit that Col. Waring, that man of law and order, conferred upon New York, was not its clean streets, but the moral lesson that a city department can be administered to secure the best interests of the people on the principles that control the best business houses of the city." "Twenty years of Col. Waring, and the moral tone of the most ignorant would be changed." The view throughout is that of the College Settlement. "Little fathers and mothers" receive no sentimental sympathy. Their work is their best training. Some of the chapters plainly were written in the after-election glow of 1901—"The apotheosis, New York redeemed."

Photographs of some of the city's most characteristic old parts lend interest, but even more illustrative than illustrations are the many stories told out of the writer's own experience. The book is, as a whole, a valuable contribution to the consideration of city problems, and furnishes impressive reading.

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*Theory of Differential Equations.* Part III. (Vol. IV.): Ordinary Linear Equations. By Andrew Russell Forsyth. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1902. 8vo, pp. xvi, 534.

The successor of Cayley here truly presents us with the fifth volume of his useful work on differential equations; for his more practical 'Treatise' on the same subject really forms an essential part of this. No further volume is promised; but the author does not declare that he will give no other, and we are inclined to think that one more will come. Certainly, enough topics have been passed over to furnish forth two, and that richly. Although it cannot be called a complete handbook, the work has a tolerably definite plan and a judicious one. Whatever would more particularly interest an algebraist or student of the theory of groups is omitted. Whatever stood right across the path of a writer on Differential Equations is treated in a general way. Works of several American mathematicians are necessarily expounded in this volume. Prof. G. W. Hill's method forms the subject of one of the ten chapters, and that is meagre allowance. An unfinished MS. treatise of the late Prof. Thomas Craig has been made use of. Theorems by Osgood, Bôcher, Van Vleck, and others appear. A peculiar sort of suggestiveness attaches to that of Bôcher.

Of course, such a book can have no interest to the generality of our readers except in this respect. The premises upon which pure mathematics rests are few and simple. So far as they are capable of definite numeration, there are about a score of them. The reasoning is wholly deductive. If, therefore, deductive reasoning were what the logic books represent it to be; if, as Kant says, it merely explicated what is confusedly thought in the premises; if, as Mill says, it merely registered what had already been accepted, then the total number of mathematical conclusions could not exceed the total number of possible combinations of premises—or, say, something like a million, including the most trivial. By this time, then, pure mathematics ought to be approaching exhaustion. Doubtless, the current impression among ageometrical persons is that such is the case. Yet the four volumes of Professor Forsyth's 'Theory' present, in somewhat full outline, only about two-thirds of the discoveries made during the nineteenth century in a subject which has occupied about one-tenth of the total energy of mathematicians; and far from there being the slightest sign of exhaustion, the bulk of the new work is increasing in geometrical progression, while it is constantly growing more and more profound and broad. As many new *methods* of value now appear in a decade as there were born of new *theorems* in the same interval a hundred years ago. Here is a subject dealing with nothing but the abstract creations of the mind; a subject, too, in which comparatively few are able to make discoveries; and yet it may be doubted whether sixty volumes could give a very much fuller account of the mathematical discoveries of the nineteenth century than could be given in the same space of the discoveries in so rich and universally accessible a field as biology. At any rate, the fact that there is no utterly overwhelming discrepancy affords food for rumination.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allchin. W. H. A Manual of Medicine. Vol. 4. Diseases of the Respiratory and Circulatory Systems. The Macmillan Co.
Alderson, Barnard. Andrew Carnegie, the Man and his Work. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.
Armstrong, Sir Walter. Turner. London: Thomas Agnew & Sons; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $40.00.
Askham, Richard. Moods and Outdoor Verses. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.
Bagot, R. Donna Diana. Longmans, Green & Co.
Banks, Elizabeth L. The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20.
Beach, Allgood. A Disciple of Plato. Boston: Roberts Publishing Co.
Bentham, George. The Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Poetical and Prose Writings of Edward FitzGerald. Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Vols. I.-III. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Berard, Victor. Questions Extérieures. Paris: Armand Colin.
Bonnell, H. J. Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Jane Austen. Longmans, Green & Co.
Bretherton, R. H. The Child Mind. John Lane.
Brine, Mary D. Lassie and Laddie. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Campbell, J. G. Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.00.
Carpenter, Frederick Ives. Wager's Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene. University of Chicago Press.
Cary, Clarence. The Trans-Siberian Route. Published by the Author. 50 cents.
Coe, George Albert. The Religion of a Mature Mind. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Coleman, P. J. A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley, and Other Poems. The Messenger Press.
Connor, R. Glengarry School Days. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Crothers, Samuel McChord. Miss Muffet's Christmas Party. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Cummins, Maria S. The Lamplighter. New edition. Houghton Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dole, Charles F. The Smoke and the Flame. American Unitarian Association. 80 cents.
Edgren, Hjalmar. An Italian and English Dictionary. Henry Holt & Co.

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Ellwanger, George H. The Pleasures of the Table. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.
Farrow, E. S. Camping on the Trail; or, Some of My Experiences in the Indian Country. Philadelphia: American Arms Publishing Co.
Fisher, Sydney George. The True History of the American Revolution. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
French, Arthur W., and Ives, Howard C. Stereotomy. John Wiley & Sons.
Gautier, Théophile. Journeys in Italy. Translated by Daniel B. Vermilye. Brentano's.
Ghent, W. J. Our Benevolent Feudalism. The Macmillan Co.
Gibson, Charles Dana. The Social Ladder. R. H. Russell. $5.
Glyn, Elinor. The Reflections of Ambrosine. Harper & Brothers.
Goepp, Philip H. Symphonies and their Meanings. Second series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Goldsmith, Oliver. The Vicar of Wakefield. Preface by Austin Dobson. Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. New ed. Macmillan. 80c.
Goodspeed, George Stephen. History of the Babylonians and Assyrians. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Gower, John. Complete Works. Vol. iv. The Latin Works. Edited by G. C. Macaulay. H. Frowde.
Graham, Douglas. A Treatise on Massage: Its History, Mode of Application, and Effects. (Manual Therapeutics.) New ed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.
Grenfell, B. P., Hunt, A. S., Smyly, J. G. The Tebtunis Papyri. Vol. I. Henry Frowde.
Hale, Edward Everett. Memories of a Hundred Years. The Macmillan Co.
Hall, G. Stanley. Kinderpsychologie und Pädagogik. Translated by Dr. Joseph Stimpfl. Internationale Pädagogische Bibliothek. Altenburg: Oskar Bonde.
Hapgood, H. The Spirit of the Ghetto: Studies of the Jewish Quarter in New York. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.35.
Harker, L. Allen. A Romance of the Nursery. John Lane.
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Hart, Albert Bushnell. How Our Grandfathers Lived. The Macmillan Co.
Haviland, C. A. A Lawyer's Idle Hours. 2d ed. Brooklyn, N. Y., 982 Fulton Street: The Author. $1.00.
Hewett, G. M. A. The Open-Air Boy. R. F. Fenno & Co.
Hibbard, Grace. Wild Roses of California: A Book of Verse. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.00.
Higginson, Ella. Mariella of Out-West. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Hill, Grace Livingston. The Angel of His Presence.—Bowyer, Edith M. N. Gabriel the Acadian. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 75 cents.
Hort, Prof. F. J. A., and Mayor, Prof. J. B. Clement of Alexandria; Miscellanies, Book VII. The Greek Text, with Introduction, Translation, Notes, Dissertations and Indices. Macmillan.
Huebner, Francis C. Charles Killbuck. Washington: The Herbert Publishing Co.
Hunt, Gaillard. Writings of James Madison. Volume III. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
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Irving, S. C. Odes of Anacreon. Translated. Evanston, Ill.: William S. Lord.
Jordan, David Starr. The Philosophy of Despair. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.
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Jordan, William George. The Power of Truth. Brentanos.
Kasson, Gracia, and Tschantré, E., jr. The Tan Tales: A Book for Children. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Keen, Adelaide. With Saucepan over the Sea: Quaint and Delicious Receipts from the Kitchens of Foreign Countries. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Kellcen, W. V. Henry Wheaton: An Appreciation. (100th Graduation Anniversary Address.) Boston: The Merrymount Press.
Kent, Prof. C. F. The Message of Israel's Lawgivers. The Laws of the O. T. Codified, Arranged in Order of Growth, and Freely Rendered in Paraphrase. Scribners.
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Laughlin, Clara E. Stories of Authors' Loves. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Laughlin, Clara E. The Evolution of a Girl's Ideal. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Laut, A. C. The Story of the Trapper. D. Appleton & Co.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Mr. Sun and Mrs. Moon. R. H. Russell.
Leonard, Mary F. Mr. Pat's Little Girl. Boston: The W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Liand, Louis. Pages Eparses. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr.
Lindsay, Lady. A Christmas Posy. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
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Love Poems of Herrick. (The Lover's Library.) John Lane.
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Mathieson, William Law. Politics and Religion in Scotland. 2 volumes. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. $6.25.
Maud, Constance Elizabeth. The Heroines of Poetry. John Lane.
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Meade, L. T. Girls of the Forest. London: W. & R. Chambers; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Mell, P. H. Biological Laboratory Methods. The Macmillan Co.
Menpes, Dorothy. World Pictures. Illustrations by Mortimer Menpes. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: R. H. Russell.
Merejwokski, Dmitri. Tolstoi as Man and Artist. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
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Ostrogorski, M. Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co. $6.00.
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Peterson, Arthur. The King's Agent. D. Appleton & Co.
Pyle, Katharine. In the Green Forest. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Recipes for the Color, Paint, Varnish, Oil, Soap and Drysaltery Trades. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co.; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.50.
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Stevenson, Robert L. Virginibus Puerisque. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.25.
Stickney, Joseph T. Dramatic Verses. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. $2.50.
Stillman, W. J. Billy and Hans. London: George Bell & Sons.
Stimson, F. J. Jethro Bacon of Sandwich. The Weaker Sex. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.
Stoddart, J. H. Recollections of a Player. Century Co.
Sudermann, Hermann. The Joy of Living. Translated by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Swift, Jonathan. A Tale of a Tub. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.25.
Thruston, Lucy M. Jack and his Island. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.20.
Turner, George K. The Taskmasters. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Victor, W. Deutsches Lesebuch. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner.
Ward, A. W., Prothero, G. W., and Leathes, S. The Renaissance. Vol. I. (The Cambridge Modern History, planned by the late Lord Acton). Macmillan.
Williams, G. F. The Diamond Mines of South Africa: Some Account of their Rise and Development. Macmillan.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Lightning Conductor: The Strange Adventures of a Motor-Car. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Wilson, Calvin Dill, and Reeve, James Knapp. The Flight of the Hebrews. Dayton: United Brethren Publishing House.
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Winnington, Laura. The Outlook Story-Book. The Outlook Co. $1.20.
Zimmern, Alfred E. Henry Grattan. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

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